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The Wellesley College Magazine

Table of Contents

EDITORIAL 1
TWO PARALLEL LINES MEET AT INFINITY (A Story) . . Helen B. Mitchell, 1918 2
BEAVER CREEK CHURCH . . . . . Elizabeth Pickett, 1918 6
THE WINNING OF MISS GRANDPA OWEN (A Story) . . . Elizabeth Lupfer, 1918 7
IN PLACE OF A VOICE (A Story) . . . . . Margaret A. Blair, 1917 9
ROSIE . . . . . Helen B. Mitchell, 1918 17

SLIP SHEETS

EXPRESS . . . . . Irene H. Wilson, 1919 18
WOLVES . . . . . Sally C. Wood, 1918 19

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RISING TIDE . . . . . Marguerite Atterbury, 1918 19
THE RUDDER . . . . . Dorothy Roberts, 1917 20
CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS . . . . . Mabel U. Van Duzee, 1917 21
THE PRISONER . . . . . Laura P. Holland, 1917 23

Volume XXV October, 1916 No. 1

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THE PRAYING-TOWN OF NATICK.

I walked to South Natick this afternoon—the place where John Eliot preached the Gospel to the Indians. What a peaceful country now! It is almost as if the many prayers rising from there long ago had established a permanent Sabbath atmosphere—a faint hush of beauty along the little hills. The very fields and lawns, touched by the late autumn sunlight, breathed out a kind of golden benediction.

In order that they might form a church of their own and practise undisturbed the English way of tilling the fields, a body of Mr. Eliot's Indian converts, in the year 1651 built the town of Natick. Their town consisted of houses built "after the Indian fashion" with one large English house "to serve as a place of worship on the Lord's day." "There was likewise," the old account says, "a large, handsome fort, of a circular figure, palisaded with trees; and a foot-bridge over the river, the foundation of which was secured with stone." Since the river lay between the dwelling-places and the planting grounds, the bridge was very necessary during the spring freshets, though in summer they preferred to wade across. Mr. Eliot had no house of his own, but slept in a corner of the room above the church—the rest of which was used by the Indians to hang up skins.

For several years the Natick Indians led a strange, patriarchal life like the early simplicity of Israel in the desert, watched over by the Lord and, more especially, by that indomitable servant of His, John Eliot. In their little ragged settlement, a tiny garden in the heart of the illimi-

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The great social worker had finished his talk on "Democracy—Practise, not Theory." Enthusiastic girls gathered about him. In reply to a question, one of them answered proudly: "Oh, yes, Wellesley is much interested in social work." There was talk of Settlement classes, Consumers' League and the Club for the Study of Socialism.

"How about democracy at home?" queried the great man. "Is it easy for a girl to work her way in Wellesley?"

"Oh, yes." She glanced possessively about the pretty fire-lit room. "The President of this society worked her way through college, so you see that money does not count. All the rooms in Wellesley are the same price too. We are much more democratic than Smith or Vassar in that respect."

"I was in Vassar last week," he said, "they tell me that there are no secret societies there, not even a 'big nose' club. Did I understand you to say just now that there are societies in Wellesley?"

There was a slight pause. Someone cast an involuntary glance at the massive chair in which the great person sat, unaware of the sacrilege he was committing. A young advocate of democracy fingered her pin nervously, then she said: "You see our six societies are entirely different and, we think, much more democratic than the usual secret society. There are eligible to membership only such upper classmen as do especially good academic work or render public spirited service to the college."

"It seems to me," he said, "that the only excuse for the existence of a society is the opportunity it gives us for close intercourse with our dear friends. If I understand you, even this is lacking in your system, for might not two girls be put in the same society because one received an A in philosophy and the other was Vice-President of her class?"

"Public-spirited service does not mean office-holding, of course," said his informant.

"Exactly what does it mean?" he smiled quizzically.

"Er—it is hard to define, but it means much more than mere office-holding."

"I agree with you—it does, but under your system do not some girls seek office for other reasons beside a thirst to be of service to the public?"

"Certainly," she admitted, "there are such people everywhere."

"In my experience, they are found more frequently where there are secret societies. But to revert to my original question, are the girls placed in the societies where their friends are?"

"Yes, they almost always get their third choice, at least."

"To be perfectly frank with you," said a girl who had not spoken before, "I did not get even my third choice, neither could I stay out of a

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society altogether, as I preferred, without scandal. I simply had to set my teeth, smile sweetly, and tell girls I had never seen before how happy I was to become their sister, while they rejoiced over the fact with equal sincerity. It was a ghastly experience."

"Of course, the system has its faults," replied a defender, "but it is infinitely superior to the co-educational system, where the 'barbs' are very few and completely out of things. The majority of the girls do not belong to societies here and some of the most popular girls are non-society."

"I conclude, then, that the 'masses' are comforted by numbers and that there is less stigma attached to lack of brains than to lack of money or popularity?"

"I had never thought of it in just that way," said the defender, "I do not believe the non-society girls do either. The girls who belong are usually very generous with their friends who do not; some of the non-society girls use the houses as much as those who belong."

"Yes," said the social worker wearily, "some people are still puzzled at the unreasonable attitude of the 'masses' who prefer higher wages to generous baskets on Christmas and Thanksgiving."

"But you must admit," said his opponent, "that with society as it is, there are bound to be cliques and people left out of them. If we abolished the societies, cliques would continue as before."

"You fall back upon the 'human-nature-never-changes' argument. It is the good old answer of conservatism when it is pushed to the wall. How well we social workers know it. 'Why work to improve conditions,' they say, 'day after to-morrow it will be the same again. You can't change human nature.' Perhaps not, but we can change some of our false ideas about its possibilities. Could tuberculosis and other plagues, due to lack of sanitation, have been so vastly diminished if we had acted on the hypothesis that it is human nature to be unsanitary? It seemed to be, but the results of patient education of the public thought has proven that it wasn't. People are no more naturally undemocratic than naturally unsanitary. A long and persistent education of thought is necessary in one case as in the other. As you say, if the societies were abolished, remnants would skulk about for some time, but deprived of public sanction, denied recognition as legitimate, they eventually die a natural death."

"Admitting that they are undemocratic," interposed one of the girls, "there is another great difficulty in Wellesley. We have no Student Building, no place to hold small meetings, no place to go with a few friends for a meal, no place we can call our own but the society houses. They really supply a need. Then too, the societies each have a serious work; one studies art, another modern drama, and so forth. We give plays. What would become of all this if they were abolished?"

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"It is a big problem and I can't help you without knowing much more than I do about details. But these difficulties cannot alter the fact which your statements have made clear to me, that a system which is based upon an unsound principle will never work. There will be increasing dissatisfaction among both society and non-society girls until you get rid of it. Patching and minor changes and compromises can never repair a false basis. Of course, as the last speaker has suggested, there are big problems connected with the complete abolition of the societies. It will mean great sacrifices of things that are dear to them, by the college generation who are courageous enough to make the change. But I feel absolutely confident that when you are willing to start right, to build your house upon a rock, means will be found to build it. Perhaps even now some of you may have thought of ways to meet the problems which have been suggested."

"We could use the houses as an Upper-Class Club," said some one, "all upper classmen could pay small dues which would cover upkeep of the houses, magazines, and phonograph records. We could sign up for them and use them as we now do."

"But the six houses accommodate only three hundred, which is about one-half of the two upper classes."

"If we put all the money that goes to flowers, pins, taxes, ("shampoos and white shoes," someone muttered), into a fund for adding to the houses they would soon be large enough," suggested a radical.

"If it is as it was when I was in college," said the great man, "that would be a goodly sum. It might go far to build your Student Building. I was thinking, too, about the work which you say the societies do. I should think that could be done as it is in the big women's clubs everywhere; ritual and secrecy is not necessary to the reading of papers on art or the giving of Shakespeare plays. However, these are mere suggestions from an outsider; they are probably not very valuable." He glanced at his watch. "It is time to go to my train, isn't it? But just one more word I must say. For a community such as yours, freedom from secret societies is right, just as self-government is. Either Democracy or secret societies will go. Which shall it be?"

DOROTHY ROBERTS, 1917.

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A LULLABY.

Hush thee, my precious one,
Sleep, mother's little fawn.
The brooklet will sing silvery songs, sweet, to you,
The wind in the pine trees will sigh the night through,
The kind stars will bend from the heavens above you,
To watch you and keep you, my fawn, for they love you,
Till they shiver and die at the breath of the dawn,
They will keep you in safety, my own little fawn.

Hush thee, my precious one,
Sleep, mother's little fawn.
The mountains that stand with their heads in the sky
Will tenderly watch from their fastness on high.
Their deep, purple shadows, my fawn, will enfold you,
In their brooding embrace they will tenderly hold you,
Till, startled, they vanish at touch of the sun,
They will keep you in safety, my own little one.

Hush thee, my precious one,
Sleep, mother's little fawn.
Our calm lady moon will send dancing moonbeams
That change all the birch leaves to shivering gleams;
They will play round your cradle, my fawn, and caress you,
While their mother, with white trail of cloudlets, will bless you,
Till her silver is gold in the breath of the dawn,
She will keep you in safety, my own little fawn.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY, 1918.

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IN THE TRACES.

I am a Huskie, the leader of the best train in Norway House. I am valued on the company's books at fifty dollars, and am capable of thrashing any dog that dare wrinkle his muzzle at me. I have observed many things—that is my purpose in life—and among these I would call to your attention the fact that, once one is in the traces, one never tries to escape. The only honorable way is by fighting, and that does not pay. Nevertheless, I did once see a case where one might, permissibly, have gnawed clear of the traces; it was an exception, one which even the Hudson's Bay Company might overlook.

Six years ago, a woman hired my train and Simon Peter, who drove us at that time, and set out from Winnipeg in the later winter, not many weeks before the ice broke up. It was queer having just a woman along; they mostly travel with their men who take inordinate care of them and provide two or three dog-trains to carry their luggage. But this woman had precious little stuff: two telescope bags beside her rabbitskin sleeping-bag, a gun and some blankets. She directed the packing of the load herself and knew pretty much how she wanted things placed. We sat up and looked her over.

She saw we were all right, for she said to the man who came to see her start: "Thank you, Doctor Hunt; they surely are the finest dogs I've seen."

"Do you think you have enough supplies? You know, you mustn't run a risk by travelling light."

"Indeed, I have plenty until after the break-up; then the hospital might fill those orders I have left, and send them on at their convenience," she said.

"I'll attend to everything," he told her, "but, Miss Anderson, you don't know how unreasonable this seems to me. You don't know just what this call for medical help may mean. If you would only wait and go with the rest of us after the break-up." She did not answer, so he said, looking at her, "I think you must realize that some of us would go north with you now if the board would let us. I hate to think of your going off among those Indians who don't—"

"You forget that I am going among my own people, that there is speed to be gained by travelling with one train, and that I am used to all this," she said. "If it were a white woman you were sending out, your reasons might hold." He looked helpless and anxious; then when she had finished, he took off his hat and shook hands and went away after giving Simon Peter some money, when she was not looking. A few minutes later, we pulled out of Winnipeg and passed old Fort Garry on our trail to the lake.

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It was too bad Simon Peter had that money: he filled himself full at Peguis, the last stop before crossing the lake, and was ugly and drunk by the time we hit the ice. He thrashed us a lot so we all lay down and refused to budge.

"Stop beating them," said the woman, "they have been going very well."

Simon Peter threw down his whip: "The dogs not go. We stay here to-day, then go."

"No, we shall camp on the lake to-night." But he kicked the whip aside, and went into Peguis' shanty and shut the door.

After that, it was easy going. She kept us headed on the trail northwest, and that meant Spider Island. She didn't work us hard; she got out of breath running and jumped on behind, and then we slackened pace to a very comfortable trot. Sometimes we sat down when we felt like it, when we heard her scrambling off the cariole, but we moved on again before she had time to thrash us. It was fun to hear her pacing along behind, cracking the whip over our red and yellow pompons and occasionally handing Keetchee a cut,—Keetchee was big and worked next the cariole and sometimes dozed as he ran. By the end of the first day out, she had learned how to handle us.

"You don't like to be touched with the whip, do you?" she said, rubbing me as she unharnessed us the first night. I don't. Neither do I like to be touched at all, so I yanked free of the collar and went off a little way to sit up and watch her. She certainly was queer,—not a bit like the squaws I've known. She fed us and put the harness in order each night; they never do a thing but huddle in the snow and look unhappy. We used to sit around on our haunches and watch her do things. The first night, she got up every little while and walked around; probably she was afraid she would freeze. The second night she made Keetchee and another sleep around her for the warmth of their bodies. I was afraid she would try to make me stay beside her, but she looked at me when I circled off and said, "You don't like to be made to stay in one place where I can find you. Most men don't!" so she left me alone. Keetchee said she kept awake all night, for whenever he tried to crawl away she made him come back again.

The fifth and last night on the lake, we sighted Spider Island just before we camped. She threw us an extra fish apiece and then lay down and slept. Keetchee crawled away from her and joined the rest of us in a half circle beneath the Great Lights. That was a gorgeous night. The northern sky blazed and flamed. The snow had stopped swirling and the wind was asleep behind the shore line. The sky was large, still, full of excitement. One's fur crisped, tingled, and stood on end; one felt as if something were happening. We howled gloriously for an hour. When

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we were done, we found the woman sitting up watching. Keetchee avoided her, thinking of the whip, but she only teased him to come with her voice and when he wouldn't she lay down again without a word.

By noon the next day, we slackened traces at Spider Island. The whole settlement came out to meet us. Tent flaps and shanty doors opened, and men, dogs, squaws and papooses tumbled out. Everybody made a lot of noise, and the squaws took the woman with her two bags away with them to the lodge while someone else took off our harness. The boiled fish around there smelled fine, and we had good chances to make off with a lot of it, for most all the people had piled into the lodge after the woman. We chased off around the island, getting acquainted with places again, had some fights with the fresher curs, and finally settled down to own the place. It was very near the break-up, as I said, and no one would try to take us on any long trip.

The day after we arrived, however, the camp's biggest hunter came out early in the morning, strapped on his snowshoes and, carrying a small pack started back on the trail over which we had just come.

"The woman sent him to fetch the doctor from Winnipeg," Keetchee told me. He had been skulking around her again.

It was not until several days later that I noticed how strange and quiet everything was around the island,—quiet even for a camp in winter.

"It's the woman that did it," I said to Keetchee. "They say it was not like this before we brought her." We crouched up in the pines and watched. The squaws were scarcely ever seen out of the tents; the men, too, stayed in. Once in a while a little fat papoose escaped to roll in the snow a few minutes before he was caught and dragged inside. The woman went everywhere. When she entered a wigwam, there was silence; when she came away, the brown papooses howled and clung around her knees.

No one paid any particular attention to feeding us, so we drew near to the tents to snatch fish. The men went about without seeing us; a dog might even enter a tent and never be touched. One night, when I was in the part of the pines directly surrounding the tents, a man came out with a bundle in his arms. It might have been fish wrapped up. Coming straight up among the pines, he stopped and chopped a hole through the snow, through the ice, down into the earth. He worked nearly all night, for it was hard digging. Then he laid the bundle in the hole, piled on earth, ice and snow, and went back to his tent. We went up and investigated the pile but the snow had destroyed the scent and we could not dig the thing up. If it were something to eat, it was forgotten, for no one dug it up, even in the hunger times that followed.

The next night, the woman came out on the ice followed by two men carrying a long bundle; they chopped a hole in the lake and stuck it in. More bundles followed, every night. Then they began taking them

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out by day, too, and at last they no longer always covered them up. They were people,—men and squaws and little papooses! The hunger fell on us after that. No hunters went out. Only a few squaws went to fish through the ice. No one gave us food. When we approached the tents in a pack, they shot some of us with their guns, and we ate those who were hurt or weakened with hunger. Finally, the woman began coming out on the lake every night. She carried a gun and we were afraid; but she also carried a fish, so we came from all directions out of the pines and sneaked after her. Then she took careful aim and shot some of the curs, leaving them there on the ice for us to eat. All day she went among the tents; and, at night, she went before the men who put the dead under the ice, and came out on the lake baiting us after her with her bit of fish. She walked quite far out on the lake around the end of the island away from the camp and always paused to look south down the lake before aiming into the circle of us around her.

"She's looking for the hunter and the doctor from Winnipeg," Keetchee said.

"She's looking for the break-up," I said, "can't you sense that it has already started in the lower end of the lake?"

The men stopped carrying out their dead; they, too, were going down before the fearful death, and the woman seemed sick! She did not go around among the tents by day, nor even to the lodge. The flaps of the wigwams and tents were not fastened. We came near, but the woman sat at her door or lay in the snow with her gun beside her and shot amongst us and yelled shrilly so that we came only near enough to fight over the bodies of the dead dogs. We could sometimes hear moans in a few of the tents, but most of them lay silent and hollow.

Just before the break-up reached the island, she could go only far enough to see south around the point. We came closer watching. She sat down in the snow several times with her gun in her arms, threatening us when we circled too near. Once she fell and a bunch of the little curs rushed in around her, but Keetchee appeared in their midst and they scattered quickly. She pulled herself up; her eyes wide open and dark, and she fired around recklessly in all directions, killing only one, and then stopping to reload. While we ate, she sat there on the ice looking south where you could see the ice fields roughening. After a while she rolled over, and Keetchee walked deliberately over to her and licked her face. She screamed and beat him weakly with her fists while he stood still beside her. Suddenly she stopped beating and sat up and looked at him; then in a few minutes she started crawling back to camp, leaving her gun behind her, and clinging, as she went, to Keetchee's fur.

That night, the ice could be heard moving in the distance. There was no one on the island any longer to feed us; the mainland was not many

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miles distant; some of the curs had already gone over to it and there was no reason for our staying longer near those hollow tents. So we looked around for Keetchee. He was hitched alone to that woman's sledge which was jammed in the snow! She had fastened him there, somehow, and when we came near him he crouched low and growled at us. She lay on the snow beside him and muttered and babbled with her eyes half open. We circled around two or three times, trying to get him to leave, but he only said, "I'm in the traces," and showed his teeth in an ugly fashion when I tried to cut him loose.

The woman seemed to see us. "You'll take care of the dogs, won't you, doctor?" she said, "and keep them off so that I won't have to shoot them?"

It was no use trying to do anything with Keetchee, so we rushed out for the mainland across the lake that was already cracking and grinding. By midnight that night, after we had reached the shore safely, all the north end of the lake began heaving. The northern lights were gone, but a huge summer moon whitened the rough ice field as it ground and roared and piled on itself as far as you could see in every direction. We sat on a bluff heading out toward the island and howled gloriously for an hour.

The night was large and full of excitement, but the winter feeling of battle had gone. We were on the mainland. Summer was coming north; we were clear of the traces once more.

GRACE S. EWING, 1918.

MY MOONLIT GARDEN.

Moonlight in the garden—Hark! an airy elfin call!
Why is it that a child alone can join a fairy ball?
Out upon the lawn are fairy wings—a rosy mist,
Rainbow clouds of opal and gold and amethyst.

Music for the dance is there,—soughing of the pines.
There are dainty pollen cakes, and honeysuckle wines.
Tiny goblin lanthorns to light the fairy folk
Gleam like fragrant joss-sticks that turn to scented smoke.

Yes, the fairies must be there, dancing on the lawn,
Dancing in the shadows, until the misty dawn.
Oh, I wish I too were there, to join with elf and fay,
Instead of sleeping, dreamlessly, until the break of day.

ELEANOR E. CARROLL, 1919.

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MISERABLE BUSINESS.

It was supper time and past at the Scrimpum's. Three times, old Mrs. Scrimpum had stuffed her gingham apron behind the kitchen door, and pattered down to the front hall to look for Tilly. Three times, she had come back, pulled out and donned the apron, to lift the lid off the frying onions, to open the door for a peer at the biscuits and a frown at their state.

Giving her bit of a grey knob a screw, she appealed to the canary. "Now where do you s'pose she's at? Always a doin' somethin'. And the onions a spoilin' and the biscuits a goin' flat. But she's a good girl, Tilly, and worth two o' Bill."

The reverie awakened activity. Into the dining-room she went, where Bill lay snoring. Though the street cars clanged outside the window, and though the old lace curtain came flapping across his nose with every breeze, Bill snored on, for he was drunk.

"There, you Bill, git up! A sleepin' like a pig and supper a spoilin' and Tilly here most."

"Tilly here? Supper?" and Bill was smiling and snoring again.

His mother looked at him with resignation, and, picking up a palm-leaf fan, whisked a fly off his nose.

There were steps coming along the hall oilcloth, and Tilly came feeling her way into the dusky room. Seeing her mother, she cried, "Why mother, not eating yet, and Bill drunk! Poor Bill, dear Bill." She bent over her brother and the cords in her yellow neck pulled spasmodically. That was her way of showing emotion.

"I kin always tell how bad Tilly's a takin' anything by the way her neck jumps," Mrs. Scimpum had said again and again of her daughter. Now she said, "Leave him alone, to sleep, an' come on to your supper. There's onions a spoilin' in their grease an' biscuits that ain't fit to feed a cat. Why was you so late to-night?"

"Seeing about my house, mother. The parlor's got to be papered. Somebody's spilled grape juice or something on it awful, and there's a hole, big as a saucer, burnt in the rug. Them two young fellers that moved in last week must be a bad lot."

"I bet it ain't them two young fellers," cried the old lady with spleen. "I wouldn't put it a past them two yaller-headed women on the third floor, to burn a hole with a cigarette or somethin', I wouldn't. Never trust nobody with the brass of them. A callin' me, 'Granny,' that day I was awaitin' there for you. A treatin' me as if I was no more'n the dust on the table. And them chits o' girls that rooms there; with their hair down in their eyes like poodles. I wonder they don't git the pink-eye, the lot of them. I don't like the idea of you a runnin' a rooming house, Tilly.

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It's risky! You don't know what. An' you not a livin' there yerself to know nothin' about it. You better leave a managin' houses to men an' go back in Chintz's office. I seen Mrs. Chintz in the market this mornin'. A buyin' spinach she was, when I went after the onions, and, thinks I to myself, 'there's Mrs. Chintz and I'll bet you Mr. Chintz 'ud be glad to have Tilly back in his office again and I'd feel a heap better myself havin' her there than a keepin' a boardin' house fer strangers, an' her a livin' a good ten blocks away from the thing what might burn down any night an' her not know till morning!"

Miss Tilly meekly poured pepper sauce over a slice of bread and answered, "I know, it's a venture. It is hard to look after. But it's a good investment. They're all good pay, except two young fellers. I don't know what they're goin' to be. But it's good business. And I didn't like workin' at Chintz's. He was no Christian. I couldn't bear to set by an' hear him all day a takin' God and the Bible in vain."

And the chastened Mrs. Scrimpum answered, "Yes, I reckon from all you've said, he's an ungodly ole critter."

"Ain't you tired enough fer bed?" she cried a while later when Miss Tilly, after hanging the dish cloth on a string behind the stove, slowly began to pin on her hat.

"No," said Miss Tilly. "There's a service being held down at the Plum Street Mission to-night, an' I'm goin'!" And she went out, and down the hall.

The front door bell gave a sharp ring. Miss Tilly struck a match, climbed heavily on to the rung of a chair and made a swipe at the hall lamp. The match went out, she lost her balance and the door bell began to ring again, all in the same moment.

"There," said Miss Tilly, striking another match and climbing up with it, "don't be in a hurry. I'm comin', I'm comin'." And this time she illumined the accumulation of dead flies in the pointed pink globe.

Then she opened the door. A husky gendarme bawled out: "Does Miss Tilly Scrimpum live here?"

"She does," said Miss Tilly, "I'm her."

"Well, Miss Scrimpum," and the policeman became professional, "do you keep a house over on Twenty-second and Baymiller?"

"I manage,—I let," Miss Tilly's heart hammered. "Oh, it ain't a fire, is it? Don't tell me it's a fire!"

The officer gave a little snort. "Oh no," he said. "I don't reckon you'd say it was a fire exactly. Miss Scrimpum," said he, coming directly at the point and getting a bad thing over with, in a way men have, "Miss Scrimpum, you are charged with keeping a disorderly house, and you are summoned to appear in police court to-morrow morning at nine o'clock on that charge."

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"Why, it ain't so. It can't be. Oh!" and she thought of the women who had treated her mother like the dust on the table, of the countless chits of girls. She pulled down the front part of her hair, and the cords in her throat worked and swelled. She, Tilly Scrimpum, charged with keeping—Miss Tilly revolted at the idea. She was past the stage now, of thinking it could not be true. But the disgrace! The minister, the people in the church, what if they should think her guilty? What could she say, what could she do to prove her innocence? She began to wonder if she were not really guilty.

The officer interrupted with a rude, "You'll come with me now."

A door opened, there came the tap of flat heels on the oilcloth, and a shrill, "Tilly, Tilly, who rung the bell?"

"Mother, oh mother,"—and the whole miserable business was out.

The old lady heard her through. Then she said, "What I been lookin' fer! Now let's git Chintz to go bail."

RUTH P. AULTMAN, 1918.

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SLIP SHEETS.

Lectures to Myself.

I said to Myself, "Myself, it's up to us to do something." I do the planning, you see, and Myself does things. At least she tries to, but she isn't very efficient, poor thing. I assured her that we were going to write, so we went out to hunt for something. All in a moment, there were dozens of grinning little brownies in our path. They had round brown bodies and round brown faces, and they danced this way and that, now in long lines and circles, now each by himself. Some ungentlemanly little fellows stuck out their tongues and grinned and rolled their eyes, and others tweaked our sleeves and tried to trip us. They were a merry lot, though they were mischievous, and I, for one, wanted to keep them. I grabbed one by the tip of his pointed shoe and told Myself she might do something with him —put him in a writing. But he wriggled away when she tried to pin him down with her pen. The last we saw of him, he was making his jolly little faces and rolling away in bounds like a ball.

"Never mind," said I, for Myself looked a little blue.

Then we came to a garden all full of cowslips and bluebells and tiny pink roses. "This is charming," said I, "perhaps we can find something here." As we looked, the dewy flowers changed to children's faces and all the air was filled with half shy baby laughter. "'The child face of a star,'" I said, and there under my very eyes, the child faces changed to stars. We reached out for them, but when we looked they were not in our hands after all; there was nothing except a few dried leaves with only the faintest suggestion of our flowers.

I looked up, and there before me were some shining figures; one of them leaned down until she touched me. I put up my hands, but though I felt them tingle, I couldn't quite reach her. I wanted to so badly that I thought I should be able to fly in another minute, but Myself dragged at my arm. I turned around, "Oh, Myself," I said, "they were the loveliest ones of all. If only you could grow a little bit! Perhaps you could understand it better if we would just play."

I took her hand and we ran through the wind. It blew back my hair and cooled my face. I ran, I laughed, I sang. We caught all the things that made us glad and crammed them into our thinking caps, but they blew away before we could stick them to our pens. We both saw that it was a spring day. We sat down in the new grass. Our ears heard ten bird calls at once; our eyes saw apple-blossoms under a blue sky; our cheeks felt sunshine and a breeze, but our words sounded like a spring freshet.

We met some girls—five good friends we were—and we walked home arm-in-arm. The world was a rather good place, we thought, with friends to like you and work or play with you.

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"This is such a simple, everyday thing, that surely it will not be too much for you, Myself," said I. But I was mistaken. She couldn't get even a drab resemblance. I was cross and tired. I snapped. "What can I do with such an inefficient Myself as you? You are clumsy and stupid. If only I could get rid of you—but you would die. You make me tired!"

I turned my back on her and when I looked again I surprised two plump tears sliding down her cheeks. Myself is such a child sometimes!

VIRGINIA ALCOCK, 1918.

THE REASON.

My heart went out to him
In one warm smile; I would have spoken too,
Had not Convention hissed into my ear,
With face long grim.

Who was he? Just a man
With grimy, coal-smudged face and rain-wet clothes,
Driving a lop-eared, weather-beaten horse
Of rusty tan.

Why loved I him? In gloom
Of rain and dirt there shone atop his hat
And 'neath the ear of his old horse a sprig
Of apple-bloom.

IRENE H. WILSON, 1919.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Worn Doorstep."

"The Worn Doorstep,"* by Margaret Sherwood, gives the history of a little red house taken by an American woman whose English lover has been killed at the front. In an attempt to break the loneliness of her life, she rents this centuries-old house, seventy miles from London. With Peter and Madge, the quaint old servants, Don and the Atom, her dog and cat, her books and her flowers, she hopes to shut out the world and live with her memories behind her red brick wall. But the "gingerbread baby" insists on pushing open the gate with the broken latch. The cozy little home shelters for a night a British Tommy's wife, who is taking her baby to see his father in training. The suffering that comes up to her very doors draws her away from her sorrow. She feels herself a part of suffering humanity and determines to live her life as it might have been, in the experiences of others. An old Belgian woman dies in the little guest room. A young couple are married. A baby is born to some Belgian refugees whom she cares for until they find work. Her life is made complete in the adoption of a Belgian infant. No one in need is turned away and the old brick house is the scene of countless adventures in friendliness. The life of the story is the sheer humanity and courage which inspires the woman to forget her own grief and to live on vigorously and joyously in the events of those who come into her home.

The little book makes a strong appeal because of the delicate painting of the beauty of the English country in fall, winter, and spring; the keen understanding and warm sympathy toward the country people; and more than this—because of the hope that, back of the terrible struggle going on in Europe, a better and finer people is to rise. Their old stolidity and self-satisfaction, their sense of invincibility because of material possession, their casual superiority are to be turned away and in place of these will be evolved a new people filled with the life of an ideal fought for and died for—the ideal of human liberty and of individual freedom.

Bessie Marshall, 1917.

Some Imagist Poets, 1916.† An Annual Anthology.

The new Imagist Anthology shows that this particular *genre* is beginning to feel settled, established, sure of its little corner in the world of modern literature. The very fact that another volume has appeared by the same

*Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1916.
†Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1916.

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authors who composed last year's anthology, goes far to indicate the stability of the new school, while the poems themselves have a more deft and practised touch. The Imagists are no longer merely daring and insane experimenters; in this volume, they have the air of knowing quite soberly and accurately what they are about.

With the settling of Imagism into something like permanence, a good deal of the eccentricity with which it first startled the attention of the public, has quietly disappeared. Mr. John Gould Fletcher, once known as "the Greenly Symphonic Mr. Fletcher," no longer goes into a frenzy at the sight of a sunbeam. Instead, he has written some effective descriptions of Arizona which are among the best things in the book. Mr. Richard Aldington, too, writes his poems—always as delicate and clear-cut as the figures on a Greek vase—more simply, although his wife, "H. D.," still uses the same cryptic, unconnected style which does its best to conceal the wistful loveliness which one guesses may be at the bottom of her verse.

In other respects, the firmer establishment of Imagism has allowed each poet to work further along the lines which he set for himself in the former anthology. Miss Amy Lowell's three poems have the same richness and gaudy color which her other work has shown, as well as the undertone of sensuality which seems to be the ever-present danger of Imagism. Mr. Aldington and "H. D." have avoided this undertone by their aloof, impersonal classicism—which is the distinctive charm in all their writing. Mr. Aldington's "Sunsets," while not the most striking poem in the book, is an almost perfect image according to the standards given in the preface:

"The white body of the evening
Is torn into scarlet,
Slashed and gouged and seared
Into crimson,
And hung ironically
With garlands of mist."

"And the wind
Blowing over London from Flanders
Has a bitter taste."

Whether or not such a piece of writing comes within the definition of poetry, it is, at least, a vivid and poignant picture—which is all the Imagists intend. So that, however we may classify Imagism, we should be glad that a new kind of vigorous, descriptive writing—such as this anthology contains—has become established to refresh the jaded senses of the world.

SALLY C. WOOD, 1918.

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A Slav Soul and Other Stories.

In "A Slav Soul and Other Stories,"* Stephen Graham brings to us the translation and collection of fifteen tales by a living Russian writer—Alexander Kuprin. These stories, all of Russian life, deal with a great variety of material,—soldier, actor, clergy, professor, nobleman, rich bourgeois, child, animal, and (but unusually seldom for a Russian writer) peasant.

Graham speaks of Kuprin as "Rabelaisian Kuprin."† Amusing and "easy-reading" on the surface, his tales contain always a certain undercurrent of serious thought. By thrusts of humor, sometimes crude, sometimes whimsical, he gently rubs away the veneer from his characters and shows them in their incompleteness; mocks at their inability to combat "the incomprehensible and elemental accidentoriness of the whole hurly-burly of life." He does this with a finished carelessness, a lack of explanation and a wealth of detail, which gives to his work the peculiarly live and vivid quality, not of Rabelais, not of anyone else,—just of Kuprin.

Kuprin, although he seems to despise everything he makes fun of,—and he makes fun of everything except nature, children and dogs—despises lightly, good-naturedly. We love his characters, not in spite of their weakness but because of them—because they are human. This fund of rather satirical humor often leads Kuprin into the fantastic, but even in "Mechanical Justice," a most odd narrative, the peculiarity of incident does not detract from the atmosphere of every-day Russian life.

Three of the most representative tales in this collection are "Tempting Providence," a story showing Kuprin's attitude towards the world of which he writes; "Anathema," a fine illustration of his gift for creating a scene and an atmosphere from little details, and "The White Poodle." The last story is, perhaps, the most enjoyable of all. Kuprin's simplicity and pathos in picturing the little trio are especially effective in contrast to his almost spiteful humor at the expense of the rich bourgeois family in their Crimean villa. Serozha's search for his dog through the moonlit Crimean town gives us a hint of Kuprin's power in a less careless, but equally vivid style of writing.

Through everything, however, Kuprin guards his Russian atmosphere. From the midst of the world around him, he sends us a reflection of the life of his people, not of the cosmopolitan Russian whom one meets everywhere on the continent, but of Russians in their own background, living their lives in their own, and Kuprin's way.

Francesca R. La Monte, 1918.

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*Edited by Stephen Graham (New York). G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.
†Ibid., Introduction by S. Graham, page viii.

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"The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole.

"The Dark Forest,"* by Hugh Walpole, one of the many war novels of the last two years, is different from the usual war novel, as we expect to find it. The book is not so much a novel as a study of the feelings of a certain group of individuals in regard to each other and in regard to death. The war is of importance only in so far as it intensifies and brings near to us this problem.

The story is told in the first person by one Durward, an English member of a Red Cross Otriad in Russia. He somehow serves better than the all-seeing eye of the novelist, to which we are all so used; his point of view conveys the sense of a real experience, all through the book. Durward is a strangely bitter, strangely brave little man, with a lame leg, who is seeking for the "enchanted country" of death. Entirely without religious feeling or martyr-like ecstacy, Durward feels death to be the most interesting and adventurous possibility in life. This would seem abnormal if it were not for the background of the war, but in the war, death is all pervading, and lacks the dreadfulness it has in every-day life.

Durward observes two men in the Red Cross Otriad, who, though utterly uncompanionable and illmated, seem bound together by some invisible tie. Nikitin is a quiet, reserved man, a successful Petrograd surgeon. Audrey Vassibevitch is a flighty, feather-headed little man, full of irritating affability and silly kindness. One early morning twilight, Nikitin, too tired to sleep, after a night of feverish work, tells Durward the secret of their strange companionship. They both love a "dear woman, dead," Audrey's wife. When she died, these pathetic enemies found that their common love drew them together. This, in a word, is what Nikitin feels. "He has some share in her that I have not. I have some share in her that he has not. The one of us who dies first shall attain her. It seems to me that she is continually with me now, but I believe that this is nothing to the knowledge of her I shall have one day." Nikitin came to the war to seek death, for death, to him, is the most precious thing, still to come.

The other thread in the plot is the affair of Trenchard, an English assistant, Semyenov, the chief surgeon, and Maria Ivanovna, a nurse. It is somewhat the same, but told from its beginning, not in recollection. They lose her; she gives up Trenchard for Semyenov when she discovers Trenchard not to be the hero of romance he seemed one night. Trenchard, who is an impractical, unsuccessful dreamer, "develops in sorrow" and persists in feeling that the ultimate, true Maria Ivanovna is his, whatever may be the petty earthly mistakes of "now." The struggle between the two men is somewhat like that of Nikitin and Audrey, and continues after

*George H. Doran Co., New York, 1916.

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Maria's death from a stray bullet. The solution of both these situations is indicated by the quotation Mr. Walpole has placed on his title page. "But the fools, because they cared more deeply, were chosen."

One hardly feels the Russian and Red Cross setting in this book; the atmosphere is so imbued with personal feeling. Durward says: ". . . the ruin Germany was wrecking was of no importance compared with the histories of individual souls that were now in the making." And, throughout all, is death, beautiful and purging.

BEATRICE STARR, 1918.

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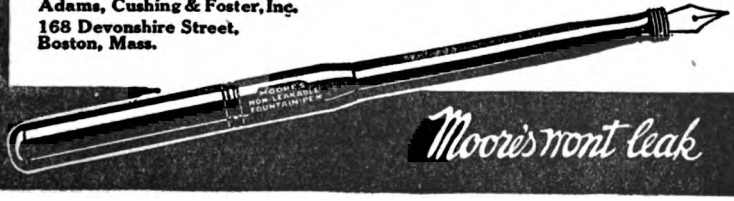

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

IMAGISM: A DEFENSE . . . . . Helen F. McMillin, 1917 1
PAN AND THE PENATES . . . . . Margaret M. Howe, 1918 7
YE BALLAD OF DUNKIRK GORGE Marguerite Atterbury, 1918 15
DEE . . . . . Margaret Babcock, 1918 16
THE SQUIRREL . . . . . Irene H. Wilson, 1919 21

BOOK REVIEWS

XINGU . . . . . Marie Goler, 1917 21
EL SUPREMO . . . . . Eleanor D. Blodgett, 1919 22
SHANTINIKETAN, THE BOLPUR SCHOOL OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE 24

Volume XXV FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 5

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IMAGISM: A DEFENSE.

It was Browning who converted me to a belief in Imagist verse. With a natural conservatism and a strong faith in the interpretative mission of the poet, I had looked askance at the "new" school. When Miss Amy Lowell came to Wellesley last spring, I went to hear her with curiosity, listened with mild interest, and came away unconvinced. Then, in connection with one of my literature courses, I began to study the poetic theories of Robert Browning, particularly those expressed in his essay on Shelley,*—and I was converted. I still admit to loving the older poets best, to finding Wordsworth and even Tennyson not banal but inspired; but I no longer regard the imagist movement as a freakish fad, a sort of side path into which the poets have wandered and from which they will return presently to take up the serious, priestly business of being poets. I believe, on the contrary, that it is a forward step in the progress of poetry. And this is because Browning's theory, unlike the narrow theories advanced by so many modern devotees of Imagism, seemed to reconcile this "new" poetry with the poetry of all time, thus providing a reason for the existence of such poetry and a standard for judging it.

The theory is briefly this. There are two kinds of poetry, objective and subjective. The work of the objective poet is to reproduce what he, with his poet's clarity and depth of vision, sees in the world about him. He discovers the world for men. Then comes a time when the world is sated with mere pictures of things and the call comes for a subjective

*Browning, Robert, Essay on Shelley, published 1852.

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All this was before her father's company had failed and her mother had written her in June that she would have to ask her to help in the kitchen when she came home. Her mother had all she could do with the farm. They all had all they could do. To her intense surprise she had found this out almost as soon as she found out that cooking wasn't a lark—and that had been very soon.

Now she leaned her tired head against the wall and dug her nails tightly into the palms of her hands. She would not be a quitter. Of course, in front of the family she could bluff and make jokes, but all alone she couldn't help thinking about it. "When I finish mopping, wash the dishes. Then pare the potatoes. Then get dinner. Wash the dishes again. By that time, I'll be tired enough to go to bed. In the morning, get breakfast. Wash the dishes. Same thing over again. It isn't just me, either. Everybody works the same way. It's just ordinary living. But if we hate it, why do we have to go on,—why, why, why?" The hot tears stung her eyelids but they did not fall. Every muscle in her slender, limp, young body ached, as it ached each night after the day's work. "It's not fair," she whispered, choking, "it's mean."

The sun glared on through the flimsy shades. The linoleum dried except for moist streaks in the depressions. Another fly entangled himself buzzingly in the sticky fly-paper. With a long breath Ann opened her blinking eyes and stooped for the mop-handle. She plunged the mop into the foaming pail and started to drive it up and down again, "swish,—swash."

Suddenly, through the white glare of the afternoon the telephone bell jangled. Ann leaned the mop handle against the screen door, straightened herself slowly, and stepped into the hall.

"Hello," she droned.

"Hello—Ann." Ordinarily Ann would have felt a little stir of happiness somewhere deep within her. The voice was as low and intimate as if it came from the next room. But the lump in her throat hurt so that she couldn't feel anything.

"What's the matter?" The voice had guessed uncannily from the pause.

"Aren't you all right? What are you doing?"

"Oh, yes. I'm all right. I'm mopping the kitchen floor." She made it sound quite matter of fact.

"You poor kid!" Judging from his tone she hadn't been able to conceal anything at all. Ordinarily it would have been a comfort to her that he did know—so accurately and without explanation—as he always did. But now she suddenly felt resentful. The hardness of life must just be faced with shut lips and bothering with sympathy did no good, changed nothing. Peter did not belong with her new sternness, Peter, the flippant, with his light, keen sarcasm, his moodiness, his delightful sensitiveness.

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It had been a kind of luxury to feel herself drift along with his exotic ideas as he read Francois Villian to her, blew smoke rings, and guessed the inmost thoughts of her heart before she knew them herself. But now it was all different and besides she was tired.

"Can't I come out and help you?" he said. Ann laughed a little bitterly. As if helping her mop the floor this once would change the essential misery. Didn't he realize that there were eternal floors, day after day, day after day? That life was just that?

"I'm coming out to-night, then." Ann felt a wave of sick disgust. She desperately didn't want him. She wouldn't even have time to comb her hair properly; the hot stove would melt the powder off her nose and her face was hot and puffy from keeping back useless tears. She couldn't talk to him to-night about Mr. Masefield's sonnets and the new Little Theater and Imagist poetry. She didn't even remember anything about them. She was just tired, terribly tired of living, and she only wanted to sleep and get away from it for a while. But, standing before the telephone, she couldn't think of any plausible excuse.

After a pause, she said, at last, wearily, "Oh, all right. Come along," and clanked the receiver back on its hook. Then she dragged herself into the kitchen and, bending over, picked up the mop.

Eventually, as if in a monotonous bad dream, the floor was finished, and the dinner was finished, and at last the dishes were finished. Now the kitchen instead of being sunny and hot, was dark and hot—breathlessly hot, like an air-tight box—so that drops of moisture stood out on Ann's forehead as she bent over the sink. The last glass polished and the last plate neatly stacked on its shelf, she went to her room and bathed her flushed face and miserable eyes in cool water. "Why," she thought over and over again rebelliously, "why must one endure living? What is the point, the purpose? When it's all really like this, what do we do it for?"

The front door bell rang and Ann's little sister came scurrying up the stairs, two steps at a time. "It's Peter," she explained.

"Oh, all right. I'm coming." Ann hung her towel on the rack and followed listlessly.

In the warm, breathless hall her hand was engulfed in the familiar hand—sensitive and strong. But looking up she saw that his face was changed. The clean-cut features were sharper than ever and there were lines which made him look somehow older. Most of all, she saw something new in his eyes, a sadness, a sort of defiant misery.

"Why, Peter," she asked anxiously, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing much," he said in the casual way which he always used, "just working. I've been surveying all week,—daytimes, that is. Evenings

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I generally spend drafting in the office. Perhaps the sun was a little hot to be carrying chains to-day."

"But, Peter," she cried, amazed, "do you like it?"

"Oh, it does as well as anything, I suppose. Have to do something nowadays to earn my bread and butter and clean collars."

"But, Peter," Ann's eyes opened very wide and dark. Her whole being was tremulous. "How do you get time to write any poems?"

"I don't. Never will again, I'm afraid. You see, unfortunately, one must eat." Then he added with elaborate carelessness, "They weren't good anyway."

Ann looked at Peter for several minutes. She had learned the trick of knowing what he meant in spite of what he said. Then she laughed a little. "Life isn't really fun at all, is it?"

Peter held the screen-door open for her. "Life is Hell," he said quietly.

They emerged on to the back porch. A great flood of moonlight poured down into the garden, glistening on every leaf and dripping from each little twig. The sky, with its pale stars, the dark, far-away woods, the poplar trees by the gate, seemed to swim in its enchanted glow. Coolness was in the moonlight, too, for soft waves of it beat against them and lapped around them as refreshingly as water. All the scents of flowers closed with dew, roses, honeysuckle and wild lilies mingled in the cool, crystal air.

Ann sank down deliciously among the cushions.

"Lie in the hammock, Peter," she said. "If life is that, what makes us keep going at all?"

Peter was silent, drenched in the cool, white tide. It flowed over them magically, wonderfully, softly.

"Every now and then," said Ann, "there are moments. Exquisite moments."

Peter turned slowly to look at her. "Like now?" he said. A puff of air rippled the silver leaves in the garden. "May I roll a cigarette?"

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AN EGYPTIAN GRAVE.

Somewhere in Egypt, there is an ancient tomb,
A tomb where one was laid to rest
Two thousand years before the Romans came.
It is as old, old as the Pyramids,
Yet not so old as war.
One night, between the shells, we dug a secret grave,
Trenching the shifting sand—
The land was silver-clad below the moon.
For Michael Calligan, the Irish lad,
We dug that grave, the Englishman and I.
We dug it deeper than the shells could tear;
Deep, where the screaming would not break his rest;
Deep, where there was no blood.
Down in the hollow dark, we struck a vault.
We entered softly in,
Carrying Michael, wrapped in gunny-sack;
Our torches glittered in the gloom.
There laid the mummied body of a king,
All wrapped in cloth of gold and thick with gems,
Upon a couch of ivory.
And there was room for Michael, so we laid him there,
Stiff in his makeshift shroud,
Beside that kingly, still magnificence.
Then we went out, and covered up the door
And smoothed the sand.
I wonder what they think, those two,
Lying together in that ancient grave
Somewhere in Egypt.

MARGARET COOMBS, 1919.

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"JUDGE NOT ——"

It was not a cheerful gathering of the Clan that November afternoon. At college, a free afternoon for one's self is rare; a community free afternoon for the Clan is rarer still. And then to have it grow dark, and pour, and blow, and try its best to sleet,—well, it was aggravating, to say the least! So, instead of going to town, the five had been working steadily and grumpily on Christmas presents for at least an hour in the fast-darkening room, when the Girl Who Smiled came whistling down the corridor.

Where other people took many words to tell you what they felt, Bettina needed only to smile, sometimes with tight, brave lips, sometimes merely with a twinkle hidden deep in her eyes. But that dingy afternoon she was all incarnate joy; the joy of having skipped stones on a puddle with a muddy small boy and his smaller and muddier sister, of pitting her youth and vigor against a jostling head wind, and of knowing that the drenching rain would only make her hair curl the closer.

"Do I intrude on the Sedentary Spinsters' Sewing Circle?" she mocked, as she took off a dripping slicker. "I crave your pardon but for a moment, while I search the depths of our model closet for two consecutive slippers, and then—"

"Then," said the Blue Serge Girl, clutching her roommate as she emerged crab-wise, "you shall sit on a cushion, and as you never in your irresponsible life thought of sewing a fine seam, you shall finish reading that story we started. See, I'll switch on the desk light, and here's the chair all ready for you."

"Thanks." The Girl Who Smiled cuddled down in the chair and folded her impish brown hands. They were all that you could see of her, the only idle pair of hands in the whole characteristic circle, in the low rays of the desk lamp. The Epigrammatic Girl was knitting a slip-on for herself with fingers that seemed like the lips above them, so thin and determined they were, with occasional odd, unexpected little quirky movements. And the Heart-over-Head Girl was knitting, too, a shapeless, grey soldier-sweater, whose all-too-frequent dropped stitches bore out the awkwardness that the sensitive, rather neglected hands betrayed. The chubby, aimless little fingers crocheting the chubby, aimless little bag, belonged to the Fluffy White Kitten, cuddled down on the couch beside the Supreme Snob, whose lean, thorough-bred hands were deftly embroidering some sheer bit of white stuff. Planted solidly on the straight chair, her boyish, thimble-less fingers pushing her darning needle back and forth, the Blue Serge Girl completed the circle.

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"Now, in the first place," said the Girl Who Smiled, comfortably, "I'd have to move the lamp, if I read to you; and in the second place, we aren't all here, therefore it wouldn't be fair to finish that story. So I won't read you a story; I'll tell you one instead. Heavens!"—to the Heart-over-Head Girl—"did I startle you so?"

"No," said the Epigrammatic Girl, "it was just that she hadn't dropped a stitch for half an hour, and she felt she needed diversion. Go on, Bettina."

"This story has no point, and"—perhaps the impromptu author's lips took on a deeper curve—it was hard to tell in the twilight—"it has no moral. It is just—"

"Pure narrative," finished the Epigrammatic Girl.

"Don't make it sad, Bettina," ordered the Blue Serge Girl. "Our silk pillow will spot if the Fluffy Kitten cries on it. There; I've finished my stockings; wait until I get the new bookcase curtains."

"All ready?" inquired the Girl Who Smiled. "Well, once upon a time in this big college there were nine girls who were always together. They were just ordinary girls; they called themselves a Bunch, never anything so startlingly original as a Clan, or an Assortment, or a Posse, or any kind of a Family, or a funny-initiated Club. And they got along beautifully with no outside interference; they danced together, and ate together, and talked together, and if any one of them had to write a Bible paper (as I should be doing at this very minute), they all clubbed their ideas together, and helped her produce a conventional, serious, C+ paper.

"They lived together in this ideal community way, borrowing each other's ink, and clothes, and thoughts, until room-drawing of Junior year. And then what do you think happened?"

"One of them drew 999, and had to live in the paint mill," groaned the Supreme Snob, with memories of a trying Sophomore year.

"Wrong!" said the narrator sternly—"this is not a tragedy; remember the Fluffy Kitten has her head on our one silk cushion. No, one of them drew 56, and announced that she was going to the New Building.

"I don't know which building was new at that time; it doesn't concern the plot whether it was Stone or Claflin, but anyhow Mary (horrors, I forgot to tell you her name was Mary!) just announced out of a perfectly clear sky that she was going to move."

The Heart-over-Head Girl sat up suddenly. "Bettina, you're not going to leave us? You're not trying to hint to us with this silly story that—"

"I refuse to have my masterpieces, especially my uncompleted masterpieces, criticized adversely," said the Girl Who Smiled, with great dignity. "And if it were for nothing more than the expectation of seeing you finish that sweater some day, I'd stay here until—Commencement. That won't be for so very long, you know." The smile was a little twisted now. "Well, to continue, Mary moved to the New Building, and her friends stayed in

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the Old Building, and wondered why she had ever left them—and hoped she wouldn't be lonesome—and wondered just how long she could stand it. But Mary went her own way, except that she would come back every little while, and fit into the old life for a bit just as she always had.

"At class supper, after they all had hugged Mary hard and cried a little, they began to notice that other people came up and hugged her too, people whom the Rest of the Bunch knew sometimes distantly, sometimes not at all. And the next year, when two of them came back for graduate work, people whom they had only heard of from remote parts of the campus, or from high positions of authority came and asked about Mary, and copied her address on things they were not likely to lose. And the Rest of the Bunch began to wonder whether Mary, although she had kept close to them her last year, had not perhaps found a something in her new life and travels over campus that they had somehow missed. Still, they could never quite understand why she had gone from them in the first place. Selah." The Girl Who Smiled re-folded her hands.

"There are full-length mirrors in the New Building," said the Fluffy White Kitten meditatively, "and window-seats and electric toasters—"

"Kitten," said the Girl Who Smiled in a stern voice (it was so dark now that you couldn't see what her eyes were saying), "would you leave us for a full-length mirror?"

"'Course I wouldn't," said the Fluffy Kitten. "I can stand on a chair to see my skirt, and anyhow I love you all HARD! But I don't see why they fussed about Mary being lonely; if she acted happy, she probably was happy, and then you can always find someone who likes you."

In the lamplight, the Supreme Snob's long fingers made a gesture of disgust. "But there is a possibility that you may not like them. That was probably just the reason she moved, because by some miracle, the thought struck her rut-embedded brain that it was possible to find other people in the world who might be even more wonderful than her own—Bunch," finished the Supreme Snob with a shrug. "I often marvel why some people in this college stay so firmly bound together; if they could only see that their chains are just imaginary, think what unlimited possibilities they have for really worth-while friendships."

"You don't mean 'worth-while' friendships, Nan, you mean 'worth-how-much' friendships," corrected the Epigrammatic Girl. "I don't think Mary craved a heaven-sent ideal; she was just after a good time. College for her was nothing but a great big Pure Food Show, where she could sample people's personalities to her heart's content. I think the only reason she moved was to give her more time for the show."

"Oh, don't laugh at her!" cried the Heart-over-Head Girl. "You tell it, and comment on it as if it were comic, but I'll venture the story was tragic enough for the real Mary." Used as they were to her outbursts, her tone stopped the busy hands of the Clan, all but the Blue Serge

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Girl's square fingers, which kept on at their methodical hemming.

"Sometimes," said the Heart-over-Head Girl intensely, "even you dears have said unintentional things that hurt so that I have had to go off by myself, and fight to realize that you didn't really mean them. We've a heart-breaking number of smiles around us that are just put on to cover a great big bruise. Probably Mary just couldn't stand it any longer, and thought it might hurt less to go than to stay. She was just plain plucky; that smile didn't mean— "

"But you said she had friends," insisted the Fluffy Kitten; "she must have been happy."

"Some kinds of friends don't mean happiness; you just have to have somebody to fill the gap," gulped the Heart-over-Head Girl, picking up her dropped knitting. "Oh dear, Jane, I've dropped a whole row! What shall I do?"

"Pick 'em up one at a time," said the Blue Serge Girl, "and be sure to turn 'em the right way, and not to miss any. Bettina, aren't you ashamed of yourself, upsetting the poor child with your wild story? Mary just looked for, and found the good in every one, that's all."

And just then came the Best Beloved Girl, switched the light on and dropped a bag of pop-corn into the Supreme Snob's lap. She sat herself upon the table, which was the only free article of furniture, and smiled at them all. There are Best Beloved Girls in all communities; they may not be slim, and dark, and blue-eyed as was this one, but they all have in common the power of making people smile back at them, and of taking for granted and understanding all things. And therefore, each one of the five began to pour out the tale according to her own style and interpretation, while the eyes of the Girl Who Smiled twinkled more and more into hers.

The Best Beloved Girl burst out laughing, and shook her head. "Bettina, Bettina, is this the way you spend a valuable afternoon in which you solemnly swore you would write that Bible paper on the Sermon on the Mount?"

Bettina rose and stretched, a seraphic smile upon her face. "Young ladies, I am pleased to announce that my Bible paper—title: 'Judge Not that Ye Be Not Judged'—is all composed, and needs only to be written. I thank you one and all for your kind collaboration," and with a swift flare of skirts into a curtsy and one of her quick, rare laughs, she was out of the room.

After her sprang the Best Beloved Girl, convulsed with laughter. "The young Solomon! Oh, the insight of that little witch!" she chuckled, as she raced out.

"Now what do they mean by that?" demanded the ruffled White Kitten, picking up her ball that the Best Beloved Girl had disturbed in her mirthful dash. "Why on earth should they laugh like that at their very best friends?"

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"The more you love people, the more you must learn to laugh at—some of the things they do," said the Epigrammatic Girl.

ELIZABETH LUPFER, 1918.

THE SWIMMER.

I saw him standing on the cliff at dawn,
  When the first rays in the awakening east
Led in pale morning with her veils close drawn,
  When the mist slipped away, and night had ceased.
Quiet he stood, and with his arms upraised,
  His body bronze against the flaming sky,
He paused for just a moment, as if dazed,
  While the blue water slipped unheeded by.
One moment glanced he down into the blue
  Of those cool ripples; with a thrill of joy
He lifted up his head, and laughed, and threw
  A glance about, to see that none destroy
His perfect pleasure. With a step ahead
  He poised an instant, balanced in the air—
Then down into the flashing water sped
  Straight as an arrow, 'gainst the morning's glare.

I saw him in the evening, wandering
  Slowly along the cliff, as if a dream
Held him enthralled. Then he began to sing
  A low song, breathed across the dark, swift stream.
Westward he looked at the dim, paling sea,
  From which the mingled colours scarce had fled,
Then to the distant mountains fitfully
  Banded in brilliance of late gold and red.
And then across the water's troubled swell
  His song burst forth: "O river, will you still
Receive me in your depths? Oh, do not tell
  What you have seen, for I have had my fill
Of the wide world to-day!" He reached the edge,
  Paused for a moment, then with strange wild grace
Flung himself downward from the rocky ledge,
  And with a faint splash, cut the water's face.

BERNICE L. KENYON, 1920.

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THE BAITING OF TIM O'FLARETY.

Mrs. Corrigan was washing. Washing was her chief occupation, when she was not dragging "Pa" Corrigan from the saloon, or giving advice, which was all she had to bestow to the little Corrigans tumbling about in the steam of the kitchen after a frayed kitten; or swapping a bit of gossip out of the window with a neighbor. Rarely was Mrs. Corrigan not talking. If you did not see her, at least, you heard her rich brogue. At this moment, however, she was silently bending over the tubs. She was thinking, savagely, as she scrubbed, of Mrs. Logan, her neighbor on the floor below.

Katey Logan had that week married the butcher's son, which caused Mrs. Logan to assume fine-lady airs toward the street in general. Particularly did these rankle in the soul of Mrs. Corrigan. Was not her Molly ten times as attractive as Katey, yes, a hundred times? That very morning Mrs. Logan had disparagingly compared Molly to the fortunate Katey, ending with a patronizing air that antagonized Mrs. Corrigan to the last degree: "Sure, she's a good little thing, an' you'll be findin' a man fer her before a long whiles, belike, not such a man as Katey's got, but still a man, praise be."

"Nothin' in pants is too good fer my Molly. Sure, 'tis becaz they ain't none good enough in th' strate that she do be livin' in single blessedness the day," retorted Mrs. Corrigan.

Now this cut Mrs. Logan, for Katey's husband was from "the sthrate."

"P'raps you think you'll catch th' new policeman O'Flarety on the corner for Molly, p'raps yo're afther th' mayor o' the city, p'raps ye're afther the prisident himself," she scorned with rising inflection.

"P'raps," acknowledged Mrs. Corrigan turning up the stairs to the roof with a basket of steaming clothes,—a signal for Mrs. Logan to cut short her call.

The idea of O'Flarety stuck to Mrs. Corrigan, and when she waddled down the street for Friday's bit of fish, she took pains to scrutinize, and pass the time of day with the new policeman on the corner.

"Him with th' twinklin' eye, an' the strong arm t' help an ould woman over th' crossin'," as she described him to herself on the way home. And right there she cast Molly's future, Oh, these mothers of marriageable daughters! Whether it be the son of an oil magnate or the policeman on the corner, his scalp, so to speak, is in their hands, if they have decided that Hildegarde or Molly is to have him.

"Molly," said her mother that evening as the girl slipped into her

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coat after supper, "phwat wuz the name o' that Syrian b'y ye wuz tellin' me about the other night?"

"Elius," said Molly, "Elius Kirshey."

"He's got money, ain't he," questioned her mother, "money to take ye to th' movies and on trolleys t' th' counthry, belike?"

"Yes," replied Molly, wondering.

"Well, then," triumphed Mrs. Corrigan, "be afther bringin' him to th' house avenin's. 'Tis mesilf'll be glad t' mate him."

"But," stammered Molly, "he's a Syrian, an' pa won't let me have him here."

"You lave yer pa t'me, an' bring yer frind along," her mother declared. "An' that Eyetalian in th' candy business wid th' nate little shop, tell him ter come too—Oh lave it ter me ter ten' ter yer pa. Sure I do be radin' in wan o' these papers that the place fer a dacint girl like ye to entertain her frinds is in the home, an' I aim ter have ye fetched up better'n that Katey Logan wid her good-for-nothin' mateman. An' Molly," as Molly opened the door. "Don't be fergittin' ter speak ter th' new policeman on th' corner. Sure, he's a gintleman, ivery bit, an' from th' ould sod entirely."

And Molly? If she wondered at her mother's sudden softening toward the Syrian and Italian races, she wasted little thought on the matter. In "th' sthrate" where Molly lived, you took a great many unexplained things without question; they just happened, like the air and the sun, and the dirt in the gutters.

So instead of making a date to meet Elius at the movies, Molly invited him to call upon her the next evening. Elius was a sample agent in Floyd's, where Molly worked at the ribbon counter. And because he was a Syrian, and therefore a poet as well as a tradesman, Elius noted Molly among her rainbow wares—Molly, with her curly auburn hair, the blue of Irish lakes in her eyes, an Irish rose in either cheek, and dimples that tickled the corners of her mouth whenever she smiled, which was all the time. Molly was as fresh, and sweet and winsome as an elfin maid from her own Irish meadows. Her eyes held their childish laughter, and her lithe little body its proud swing, not because of "th' sthrate" but in spite of it. Perhaps there were Irish kings numbered among the forebears of Molly Corrigan.

Elius saw all this and his lowly soul thrilled at the friendly smile of Molly, so different from the shy, dark maidens of his acquaintance.

"You let me take you to the park, yes? See animals and flowers, nex' Sat'day?" he ventured one day, and Molly joyously agreed. Since then she and Elius had been to the park many times, he, glorying in the flowers, and the sky, and the radiancy of Molly, she, in the merry-go-rounds and the swan boats, and the ice-cream cones that he bought for her. In a whole-souled fashion, she admired the dark poetry of his face,

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his dreamy eyes, the wondrous things he said in his confused English. Like a child listening to a new fairy tale, she listened to and marveled at the verses he made to her hair, her eyes, her mouth. "You are like the beautiful lilies for the Holy Mother on the altar at Easter, ees eet not so?" he would murmur, looking soulfully into her eyes. And Molly, her eyes on the swan boats, would gravely acquiesce.

Elius came the next evening. He kissed the hand of Mrs. Corrigan with oriental courtesy, murmuring words of admiration for the mother of his "Beautiful lily." As Mrs. Corrigan looked him over with an appraising shrewdness, she winked broadly at the disgusted face of Pete, her oldest son.

"Arrah now," she chuckled, "go on wid yer blarney. Be sayin' th' loikes o' that to Molly yonder, not to an ould woman loike mesilf"—again she closed her eye derisively in the direction of Pete.

So Molly and Elius sat on the steps, that trysting place of the tenements. It was almost as cool as the park, when the stars came out, and the watering wagon had passed, sending delicious streams over the bare legs of every walking infant in the street. And from Elius's lips fell the poetry of his race, blending the stardust with murk from the city's factory chimneys, till he seemed alone in the broad velvet darkness of a Syrian evening, alone with Molly and the stars—no longer shrouded in factory smoke. Molly, unconscious of these fancies, longingly watched her small brothers wading after the watering wagon. And if she saw anything beyond crowded streets, and heard anything but the quarreling voices from the basement, and the crash of a piano round the corner at Riley's saloon, she saw the holiday crowds in the park, and heard the canned music of the merry-go-round, cranking out "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

After this night, Elius came every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Tony came on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Tony was Molly's "Eyetalian frind." She had known him from the time he was a nimble, black-eyed member of "Th' gang," wagging his tongue at the cop and lifting fruit from the stalls, to a black-eyed, broad-shouldered youth who worked in a candy store under the shadow of the tallest tenement on her way to Floyd's. He watched for her to pass; offering some of his chocolates, a glass of lemonade, a pop-corn ball. Together they went to see the Red Sox eat up the Phillies, Tony stamping a hole in the bleachers, Molly, her pretty face aglow, enthusiastically absorbing the color and light-hearted revelry of the scene.

And if Tony subsisted on bread and tea for the next week, to take Molly to the circus, don't you imagine that the Irish laugh of Molly and the wonder in her eyes at each feature more marvelous than the preceding, and the lilt to the air she hummed as they rode home in the subway, rode home, mind you, more than repaid for his fast?

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They would sit on the steps, the littlest Corrigan on Tony's knee; and seemingly from every crack in the pavement, the boy population of the street would gather about him, fighting for vantage ground, hanging on his version of the way this run was made or that ball was pitched, at the last league game. Then he would turn to Molly, with a flash of teeth, for corroboration, and a "You saw it too, didn't you, bella Maria mio?" and Molly's sunny smile, and gay little nod, innocent as she was of base-ball terms, struck home the truth of his statements to the incredulous, open-mouthed audience.

"Pa" Corrigan took exception to the devoted followers of Molly. He more and more frequented Riley's saloon, seldom appearing home, even at meals, and never with his pay envelope. When Mrs. Corrigan sought to remonstrate with her erring husband, the flood gates of his wrath burst upon her. When his remarks became coherent and to the point, they were in this vein: He, "Pa" Corrigan, was not going to live in the same house with "haythen."

"'Tis an Irishman Molly'd be marryin' now, if it wasn't fer yer everlastin' meddlin' ways, and yer tryin' t' take up wid somepin new," he growled.

"Phwat do yer know erbout marryin'?" returned his wife with spirit and a flourish of the stove lid. "Sure me mither picked ye out fer me an' t'was the wan time in her life she showed bad taste, may her soul rest in peace. Married! Howly Mary!" She chuckled amicably. But "Pa" was not to be put off with humor. His grievance had been piling up for many days.

"Ain't yer got any pride?" he whined. "Wid the neighbors all pintin' th' finger o' scorn an' the b'ys at Riley's pokin' fun at me? Faith, how'm I ter know it's me own house I'm stumblin' inter?" Mrs. Corrigan was in no way dashed.

"Sure, the neighbors 'll be pointin' their fingers the other way in a little while or two," she prophesied darkly. "An' as fer not knowin' yer house, with such comp'ny in't, bedad 'tis not them as is ter blame. 'Tis not the first time as ye've come a staggerin' home an' not knowin' the lamp-post from the stair rail, shame be on ye."

"Pa" shook her off with a shrug, and took his faltering way to the street, sending a parting thrust up the stairs to many a greedy ear: "Well, all is, I'll thank ye not ter be draggin' me home from Riley's to see Molly, as was me own colleen, settin' on the steps in full light of the sthrate, wid sheenies and dagoes." Whereat Mrs. Corrigan chuckled unsympathetically, and went no more to fetch "Pa" home for supper. Nor did "Pa" come of his own accord. And Pete and Mike might be seen any evening on the street, wearing Pa's Sunday shirt, and his second best.

In accordance with Mrs. Corrigan's directions, every evening Molly

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"saw" Elius or Tony, as the case might be, as far as the corner. Here, in the full glow of the arc light, and of O'Flarety, she bid good-night to her friends.

If the arm of the law took it upon himself to protect Molly for a piece down the street, sure 'twas what the law is for, to look after the helpless. And if O'Flarety watched the tripping figure until it disappeared through the door, before returning to his post, sure, no one was the wiser for it, nor heard him mutter to his night stick: "Begorry, now, 'tis no dacint business fer two furriners like them to be mixin' in wid folks from th' ould counthry, an' her like a sprig o' a thorn flower, wid th' purtiest smile in the city."

Mornings, O'Flarety was on the corner in all the dignity of brass buttons, but none too dignified to pass a top o' the mornin' with Molly, and help her over the mud. And Mrs. Corrigan, seeing this, was well pleased, and shook her fists at "th' sthrate."

"Tis more strings to her bow than one, that Molly do be havin'," she triumphed to Pete when that scornful lad desired to know: "Which o' those fellers Moll was agoin' ter take?"

Came the evening when Elius, inspired by the glow of the sunset which softened the outlines of even the grim old tenements, took Molly's plump hand in his long white fingers, and with eyes on the clouds, rosy like jeweller's cotton, painted for Molly a castle among them, in which he and his beautiful lily were the sole occupants—a veritable paradise, minus the serpent.

Then he looked into Molly's eyes, childlike and trusting in the shadow, and the castle melted into air.

"Oh, Mollee," he gasped with all the ardor of his countrymen, "I love you afar off. You a white lily,—like a star in the sky of my Syria, I, like mud beneath, like sand on the desert, like——" his similes failed him for once.

"You love me, Mollee, and I like bird on the winds, like singing bird that fly all day. Why? Because he full of joy. Mollee, you say you love? You say it, or my heart,"—he thumped his stomach—"my heart it die like little bird in cold north winter, like poor little sparrow. I speak wit' your people, yes? Verree soon? I bring ring wit' me. Diamonds like my lily's eyes, pearls like her throat, one leetle ruby like her mouth, so sweet like a flower, yes?"

Molly was fascinated by the cooing tones, and the caresses of Elius. She gazed at the near-diamond in his cravat, and at his dark beauty intensified by the passion which she had aroused. She harbored no thought of marrying this man, yet her kindly heart would not allow her to refuse him.

"Sure, now," she murmured, putting off the final reckoning, "yez can come ter see me mother Sunday," and, checking his embrace, she ran

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up the steps and into the dark cavern of the door which swallowed continually its portion of the street's humanity.

That night Elius was unaccompanied to the corner. Whereat O'Flarety glared balefully at him. But Elius was seeing nothing of the street. He was treading Syrian turf, Molly at his side, and the light of the setting sun glowed about them, pink and saffron.

Saturday came Tony, a resplendent Tony in a red and green plaid shirt, with a whole pound box of questionable confections. Almost before the first gum drop had been nibbled, he turned a deaf ear to the customary throng of young America.

"Molly," he began, "Miracoli has taken me into partnership. Half the shop is mine, mine, do you understand?" he laughed happily. "Ain't it great fer us, Molly, mio?"

Molly smiled vaguely in his direction, and sampled a chocolate cream. "It'll be four rooms and a pianny fer ours, and a seat at the game every Saturday pretty soon. What church was you thinkin' o' bein' married from, bella Maria?"

Molly shook her head, she had not thought. Tony smiled into her shy little face and kissed her flatly on the nose.

"Well, never mind," said he, "we'll fix that all up with the mother when I come Sunday, and then . . . . . I'll bring Maria something, something fer her little hand—it'll have a shiner in it too, eh what?" He pinched her cheek, glowing at any time, but now like a peony from the firm compress of his thumb and forefinger.

"I'll have ter be goin' now, t'is in the terms o' the partnership that I'm ter be on hand Saturday nights, but I gotter hour off ter come and tell you we'll have a great blow-out after I've seen yer mother Sunday, an' the bans is fixed. Well, s'long." With a final slapping kiss, Tony swung whistling down the street. Molly helped herself to the box at her side.

"Pete," she called up to that youth hanging goggle-eyed from a window, "c'm on down an' have a lemon drop."

As comes the reckoning day of all things, came Sunday evening. Sat Molly and the younger generation upon the steps, those steps which can tell so many little stories of real life.

Up the street strode Elius, the dignity of hand cuffs and well oiled hair causing him to carry himself like a monarch coming into his own.

"Ah! my beautiful," he murmured over Molly's finger tips. "We to-night see your mother, is it not so? There, I Elius, have leetle present fer you."

Up the street also came Tony, stepping none the less high because of a disheveled condition of clothing and a purpling eye. Seeing nothing in the whole street but Molly; Molly in a blue cambric dress with a sash:

"Maria bella, I'd been here long ago, only I had ter lick the waddin'

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out o' the boys on this street as said yer was ter marry a sheeny. I sez ter him: "Not so, you're a little error, ole man. Here's the ring in muh pocket, and down the street, waitin' on them steps, is the girl, an' gee, ain't she the queen! He keeps on tellin' me it ain't so, an' I ups and gives him what's his, like that guy in the movies we went to last. Say, do you remember . . . . ." Here he noticed Elius. "Who's the dark complexioned one, Molly, friend o' yours?"

"This ees mine future Mrs. Kirshey," answered Elius, as Molly said never a word.

"Oh, it is, is it?" returned the irate Tony. "Is that straight goods, Molly?" Then at Molly's head shake, "I've licked one feller this evenin', but say that agin an' I'll do to yer what I just rehearsed on him! Say it or git out, git out anyway." In a perfect frenzy, Tony snapped his fingers at Elius. But now Elius' wrath had gathered.

"You—you—you—" he shouted, hurling Syrian epithet after epithet at Tony. Never had the street, Irish by nature, heard language which was so strange yet so understandable. The houses emptied with that rapidity which denotes a street brawl, and the street rang with pleased exclamations. That the fighters were foreign to this quarter added greatly to the pleasure of the spectators and auditors. Rumor spread that a dago and a sheeny were murdering Molly Corrigan. Women shrieked, men brandished weapons. Pandemonium ran rife.

Came, then, the representative of the law!—calm, serene, unperturbed, swinging a billy with practiced hand. He pushed men and women aside like toys and strode into the center of action.

"Phwat's it all about?" he growled. The terrified Molly pointed to the grappling ball of humanity at her feet. Shrill voices told the tale of the defeated suitors, adding spice of their own originating. O'Flarety snorted, and kicked the fighters indiscriminately.

"Shtand up," he roared, "or I'll send fer th' pathrol wagon, d'ye hear?" They heard, and stood, one on each side of the muscular policeman. "Now then," he addressed Elius.

"Leetle Mollie, she mine, she . . . . ."

"Aw shut up," came thickly from Tony. "It ain't so, cop, she's mine."

O'Flarety surveyed them with scorn. "Y're both wrong," he sneered. "It's crazy the pair o' ye were ter be afther thinkin' ye could git a swate girl like Molly here fer yerself, haythin that ye be. Just look at her now, like a twig o' thorn in the mud. Sure ye'd know she was Irish an' as foine as th' ould counthry makes 'em. I'm afther ownin' of her miself. We're bein' married wake afther next by Father Mallony himself."

"What?" yelled the crowd as one man. Elius and Tony, forgetful of their animosity, barred weakly against each other. The policeman swept his arm in the direction of the expectant multitude, and smiled at Molly encouragingly.

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"Sure it's so, ain't it, darlin'? Be afther tellin' 'em 'tis true." Molly's bewildered blue eyes sought her mother in the doorway. Mrs. Corrigan's ample person fairly beamed approval on the scene.

Timidly Molly thrust her hand into O'Flarety's great paw; her curls bobbed gleefully.

"Sure, 'tis so, though I wasn't afther knowin' it meself 'til this mortal minit," she laughed. There was a moment of awed silence, when from far down the street came the tinkle of a street piano,—and the tune that it played was: "The Wearing of the Green." The crowd respectfully backed itself away. It was as though the name of Corrigan had been hung in the halls of fame for evermore.

"An' ter think yez caught O'Flarety," marveled Mrs. Logan when the street had once again resumed its steady hum of life.

Her neighbor gazed at her in pitying contempt. "Whut a Corrigan starts out ter git he gits!"

Having thus freed her mind, Mrs. Corrigan descended into the street and took the old familiar trail to Riley's saloon. She was on her way to bring "Pa" Corrigan home to supper.

MARTHA PARSONS, 1917.

THE ESCAPE.

I had a dream that an elf from the moon
  Spirited me from my play,
To make me a cobbler of faery shoon
  For a term of a year and a day.

He flew with me up to a burnished star,
  Leaving me lonely there.
I jumped from the rim; though the earth was far—,
  I couldn't abide the glare.

Down through the chaos where star-dust lies
  And the sandman fills his pack—
On through the spaces of windless places
  Where shooting stars come back—

'Till faintly a light through the ether shone
  Like a star through a dim, blue sea;
'Twas the glow from the nursery fire at home,
  Where Mother was waiting tea.

DOROTHY E. COLLINS, 1919.

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SLIP SHEETS.

Joyous Melodrama.

As a loud knock fell on the cabin door, the young man sprang across and threw a heavy red silk robe over the great iron-bound chest. The door opened and in stumbled the captain of the vessel, growling in his beard. He was a large, thick-set man, with a long, dirty sash twisted about his waist. He glanced about the little low cabin, where the air was dusky with smoke, and heavy with the odor from the sandal-wood and aloes stored in the hold of the boat.

"The girl," he growled. "Where have you hidden her?" His glance fell on the great chest.

"What is in that chest?" he asked sharply, with suspicion in his voice. The young man curled his lips, as it seemed in the uncertain light, looked the man in the eye, and held out a key. He snatched it and staggered toward the heavy lock of the chest. Halfway he paused, then turned, and lurched back to the door of the cabin. Outside there was a yard's space of bumpy deck, then, fifty feet below, the green-black water lapping against the vessel's side. The waves glinted in the white moonlight. He stepped across and leaned over the low rail. In one outstretched hand he held the key poised above the water, while he leered silently for a second at the set face of the young man behind him. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch, the key slipped from his grasp, shot like a silver streak through the moonlight, struck the water, and was gone.

Katherine B. Scott, 1920.

The Etymology of Math. Terms

If all the Freshmen of all the years could remember and would confess their real ideas of the terms they learned in their math. we should probably have a unique and interesting collection. Upon analysis I find my own are quite peculiar. "Infinity" is a thing which rolls endlessly along and which, like a huge snowball, gets larger and larger the farther it is rolled. But "minus infinity" is just endless falling and falling, through vacant, dun colored space. I even caught (that which I am pleased to call) my subconscious mind shivering at the prospect the other day, and trying frantically to think of some possible stopping point; although at the time I was explaining the meaning of the little toppled-over eights

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themselves, on the blackboard. A more concrete example of my idea of "minus infinity" is my own feeling when called upon to recite! My association with a "variable" took a long time to recognize, although I knew it was quite definite and quite familiar. It came like a flash one day in math. class and my instructor probably wondered what I found so soul satisfying in the definition of a "variable." I remembered then the picture of my old teeter-totter, as I used to watch it early in the morning from my window, and saw it idly teetering itself in the wind. "Constants" are nothing but lamp-posts, but "graphs" are more interesting. It startled me to see the "graphs" of several long, "continuous functions" flash by, black against the sky outside my train window, when we sped home at Christmas time. Every few seconds we would see them snatched up with alarming rapidity as they crossed the "y axis," thus forming "imaginary roots." "Sturm's formula" would, therefore, have to be applied!

KATHERINE B. SCOTT, 1920.

TASTE.

My mind was far away from the dining-table. I was thinking of next summer; dreaming of motor rides down country roads—fresh damp roads with little clusters of trees close beside them. Suddenly my attention was riveted by a peculiar sensation. Only one thought remained in my head. Have you ever suddenly bit upon a lump of fresh salt, thrown into the potatoes by a careless cook? I can hardly describe the feeling:—a bitter, dull, sickish taste in the mouth; an inability either to swallow the lump or lay it upon the plate; a soggy spreading of the salt, and a final brackish gulp of water. My dream was ended.

LOUISE M. ROSE, 1920.

A WELLESLEY LULLABY.

I am tired, very tired, and I am trying to sleep—but I cannot. Why? Because I am cutting. Cutting what? Why, sandwiches, of course. My eyes are heavy, my muscles ache—but—I am cutting, cutting, cutting—thicker and thicker slices with a very dull knife. I will turn over, perhaps that will stop the cutting—how tired I am! But now I am spreading, spreading, spreading—"just a little—the butter has to go a long way, you know. Just one side, please."—Come! This is nonsense! I'm tired and I will sleep. But who spoke to me? Surely some one said, "How much?" I don't want to answer—I want to sleep—but I go on. "Two of these for five—the ham are ten. You gave me fifty cents? A nickel—no, I haven't—what did you say? The apples? One for five —one for five—one for five—." I am falling asleep. But suddenly, "We have six

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left—let's try Tower Court—it's the lake breeze makes them hungry." And now it's climb—climb—climb. "Do you want any sandwiches? These two for five—the ham are ten apiece—apiece—apiece—I am losing consciousness—thank goodness I am— We've made six dollars!" I sit up in bed as if shot. "Six dollars!" Come now—this is ridiculous! I thump the pillow as if it were a German, and turn over on my stomach. I doze again—and now the interminable ringing—all for the War Relief—the Wai Relief—the War Relief—

JOSEPHINE CLARK, 1920.

BOOK REVIEWS.

*A BRIEF HISTORY OF POLAND.**

"A Brief History of Poland" has been recently published by Miss Orvis of our own history department. It is unique, for it is the only short, complete history of Poland, written in English. Interesting at any time, it is particularly valuable now, since the war has brought the Polish question to a fresh crisis. One of the great problems, if not the greatest which must be solved when peace comes, is that most difficult one, the relations of the large to the small nations. A study of the history of any of the small nations, of Poland especially, brings to the reader the conviction that until the Great Powers have learned to act with justice and vision toward their smaller neighbors, no stable peace can be expected. Polish history is a chronicle of the greed of her neighbors, increased by the ignorance of her own ruling class. In the Polish question, is one of the most deeply rooted causes of bitterness between the Teuton and the Slav.

In her compressed account of centuries of very turbulent and infinitely complex happenings, Miss Orvis has shown admirably the strength and the weakness of the Polish people, as well as the evolution of foreign influences in Poland. Polish History from its beginning, through the period when Poland was the most powerful state in Northern Europe, through its decline and final dissolution, is briefly traced. Then follows a concise

*Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, 1916.

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study of present conditions (if conditions in such a state of flux could be called "present"), and a survey of the future possibilities in Poland.

The more thoughtful Poles, not blind to the weaknesses of their own people, and cognizant of the absorbent tendencies of Germany, feel that safety and development for Poland lies not in complete independence, but in autonomy within the Russian Empire. Friendship with Russia, although it has seemed impossible, is really the logical thing. The enmity between Russia and Poland has not risen so much from fundamental difference, as through the unfortunate attitude of the Russian bureaucracy, which is Teutonic in origin and largely in personnel, and through the wiles of German diplomacy. The war, it is hoped, will wipe away these barriers to harmony, and the friendship between Russia and Poland, brought about by the exigencies of the moment, will continue and be strengthened.

These suggestions are interesting in the light of the very recent occurrences in Poland. It is too soon to say what will happen, but certainly the knowledge of the past and present conditions in Poland which Miss Orvis' book gives is almost indispensable for an intelligent study of the ever changing Polish question.

DOROTHY ROBERTS, 1917.

*THE GODS OF THE MOUNTAIN.**

Lord Dunsany's book of five short plays is exciting much favorable criticism. There is a freshness and originality about the dramas; and beneath the simple structure of the plots is a deep understanding, an earnest observation of life.

The "Gods of the Mountain" are the mythical rock gods of Marma, and the drama by that name has an Eastern setting. A group of beggars, dissatisfied with their lot, are persuaded by Agmar, a beggar of powerful personality, to dress in green jade as the gods of Marma. Their purpose is to deceive the people, and obtain the treatment and food deserving of gods. The identity of the imposters is questioned, but their clever leader gets them out of many difficulties and embarrassing situations caused by their greed and hunger. Messengers are hurried to the mountains to see if the idols have really left their thrones. They find that the gods have actually departed and return to make a huge feast for the pretenders. In the meantime, the real rock gods lumber grotesquely into the throne room, turn the beggars to stone, and depart. The play has an interesting element of suspense, and an excellent climax.

Also, the "Golden Doom" and "King Argimenes" create for us new mythical kingdoms subject to the worship of the stars. Although the dramas

*Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1914.

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are imaginative and not of modern times, they have a complement of reality and seriousness and are, as another critic has said, symbolic of our life to-day. We wrestle with the same problems in regard to a higher power, wealth, poverty, and pride that Lord Dunsany's characters find confronting them. Yet the author has skilfully masked these questions under an interesting mythical tale.

The two modern plays in the volume are the "Lost Silk Hat," and "The Glittering Gate." "The Glittering Gate" is the door of heaven which a robber, after having been killed, attempts to force open with the same tool he used on earth to break safes. The lock yields, and he pushes the great door open only to find on the other side "stars, blooming great stars." "There ain't no heaven," he exclaims and his teacher, dead thirty years before, answers, "Yes, they'd do that." There is a touch of the irony of fate here for those who attain their purposes only by material means. The author has imagined this weird scene to make his readers wonder if they, too, are not like the robber, departing not from sin on earth, yet expecting to gain the peace and joy of heaven after death.

The "Lost Silk Hat" tells of a caller, who, on quarreling with his lady love, had sworn to join the Bosnians and die in Africa. But this dream of a return to the romantic days of the troubadour was shattered when the caller found that he had rushed out of the house and left his hat. Without it he was confident that he could never brave the streets of London. It seems to grieve Lord Dunsany that the people of to-day take such a prosaic, unfeeling attitude toward life that they allow the unessential things, as well as public opinion, to interfere with courageous deeds.

The author has a distinctly characteristic style. He uses pure and beautiful English, and loses no time in developing his dramas. His expressions are dramatic, stately, often quaint, and to the point. At times he is playful, as when he imagines the moon a little sister. "She comes to us at evenings away in the mountains of Marma. She trips over the mountains when she is young. When she is young and slender she comes and dances before us, and when she is old and unshapely she hobbles away from the hills."

DOROTHY THOMAS, 1919.

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"Who not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette"

and died fighting for France. One wishes that the poet had lived to see the final entry of his country into the struggle. How he would have rejoiced to see America shake itself free of the charge he believed she deserved,

"That from a war where Freedom was at stake
America withheld and daunted held aside."

As a book of poems to be judged critically, according to the standards of poetic merit, it is easy to find flaws in this collection. As a record of a brief, vivid life, it is of compelling interest. The personality of Alan Seeger—his young abundance of life, his fatalism, his thirst for romance, even his bland acceptance of the war idea and his joy in battle as adventure—this is what lifts the poems from the commonplace and gives them their undeniable force.

HELEN F. MCMILLIN, 1917.

*Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

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The Wellesley College Magazine

Volume XXV JULY, 1917 No. 10

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EDITORIAL.

Commencement time is a season of backward, as well as forward, looking. The MAGAZINE, realizing this, has turned the leaves of the last thirty years and let flutter this little collection of verse.

It is far too modest, too casual an attempt to make any claims as an anthology; it is too superficial to be entirely representative. The poetic thoughts from many an undergraduate Wellesley pen have been omitted. But this collection does imply that undergraduate verse is changing. Whether the individualistic and socialistic lines along which this development is evident are the right lines, is not for undergraduates to say.

At any rate, we have found through all the poetic history of the WELLESLEY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, from sonnet to vers libre, an earnest striving toward imaginative expression and an admirable sincerity in thought and execution.

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FROM THE GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

SILVERN.

Written in 1879 for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Durant.

A silver gleam creeps over yonder lake
At morning when it smileth to the sun;
Let silver gladness o'er the waters break
Along whose winding, widening path has run
The swift-sailed boat wherein these twain embarked
And dipping first the happy, mated oars,
Still left each passing day-voyage whitely marked
With a pure, silvery wake betwixt the shores.
Oh, silver, silver fall the crystals bright
Of fonts that cool the weary traveller's lip!
Oh silver, silver drop the deeds of light
From hands of these two sailors in one ship!
Here fold thy pinions, Music, and awake
A silver symphony for this night's sake.

MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT.

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

CORNELIA FRANCES BATES, AET. 79.

Long ago sweet songs were sung
Of fair ladies ever young;
Weary years of war might be,
Wearier wanderings over sea,
Exile in sad lands and strange,
Yet their beauty might not change.
Not a single word is told
Of a Helen who grows old;
Not her thousand sorrows dare
Dull the light of Deirdre's hair;
Iseult, lovelier than report,
Maiden in her father's court,
Grown world-radiant, shall be seen
Through all time, Iseult the Queen.

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Deirdre, Helen, Iseult are
Fadeless, shining star by star;
If their poets I might bring,
Skilled to touch the harp and sing,
Lady, I would bid them praise
Your brave crown of golden days;
Blithe and sweet their song should be,—
Song of her who graciously
With each soft year younger grows,
As the earth with every rose.

SOPHIE JEWETT.

SYRIAN SONNETS.

I.

NAZARETH.

In Nazareth, upon its southern slope
  Of springtime hillside, lying in the sun
  With fresh grass from the winter hardly won
And blossoms that begin with joy to ope—
The lily of the field, in heliotrope
  And splendid crimson, such as Solomon
  In glory had not—the angelic one
Brought all to life, with those great words of hope
And from the crest of that fair mountain town,
  Far to the north, the height the Prophet sings,
  The dome of dazzling snow, the country's crown,
The excellency of Mount Hermon lies,
The joy of His forefather David's eyes
  White as the herald angel's radiant wings.

CAROLINE HAZARD.

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II.

ANNUNCIATION.

In vernal days the winged angel came
  With lowly salutation to the maid
  And found her calm and strong and unafraid,
Content to know the thing she could not name,
Which lighted in her breast that holy flame
  Which lights the world, for which the world had prayed.
  "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she said,
And had no thought of honor, or of fame.
So to each one the secret messenger
  Comes silently, unsought, to bring God's word,
  A word creative, as he brought to her.
And each conceives a truth scarce understood;
  Thrice blest that soul which in the Virgin's mood
  Can say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

CAROLINE HAZARD.

THE LAST VICTORY.

So faint with mortal weariness I lie
  I cannot lift mine eye
To where the hills rise and the strong stars burn.
The voices of the night speak words of cheer
  That fall upon my ear
Only to break the rest for which I yearn.

Foes I have met undaunted. Pain and strife
  Were ministers of life.
I greeted danger as one greets a friend.
Hopes died, but fears died with them. All my heart
  Leaped to the hero's part.
So I were true, what need of other end?

But now—to feel my courage faint and fall;
  To know death's grim, sure call,
Nor flash aquiver with exultant thrill;
Though unaffrayed, to sink in mute dismay,
  O'erwhelmed with shadows—Yea,
Even mine own faltering I can face, and will.

MARY S. CASE.

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IN THE POETS' CORNER.

(R. B. and E. B. B.)

Do they hold converse, keen as wine,
  Under the pavement, they
Who make, in truth, the royal line
Of England, kings by right divine,
  Crowned with the bay?

Yet one is lonely in that great,
  Rejoicing fellowship,
—Lonely with Chaucer for a mate,
And Spenser, Dreamland's laureate.
  He hears the drip

Of Florence dews upon a mound
  That golden tides of spring
Mantle with bloom, the angel-sound
Of nightingales that all around
  Her silence sing.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, 1880.

SHE IS THE GRACE OF ALL THAT ARE.

(*Ben Jonson.*)

She is the grace of all that are,
  The fragrancy of morn,
The wild, blithe ring, afar, afar,
  Of Dian's horn.

She is the hidden carol in
  The fringes of the wood,
The sudden blue when clouds wax thin,
  The joy of good.

May God who wrought our fleeting race
  Forbid her fatal star,
Remembering she is the grace
  Of all that are.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, 1880.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Leo: A Yellow Cat.

If, to your twilight land of dream,—
  Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host,—
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veiled eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch,—if only one,—
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

Margaret Sherwood.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

We love not Petrarch less, but Shakespeare more:
  Though Petrarch's verse excels in form and rime,
He drew his themes from a ripe scholar's store
  Of musings consecrate to Love and Time;
But Shakespeare in the heat of action wrought
  More potent magic, for his glowing heart
Transmuted Love, and Life, and deepest Thought
  To golden beauty of impassioned art.
The instinctive melody of Shakespeare's line,
  His quick, Elizabethan zest of phrase,
And his intensity of love still shine
  An undimmed glory in our shadowy days;
While Petrarch's sonnets, mellow, rich, and choice,
Lack Shakespeare's vibrant, soul-compelling voice.

Martha Hale Shackford, 1896.

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THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

Like slender, rippling willow leaves
  Against the shining sun,
All golden green and quivering,
  When day has scarce begun,

So seem those softly ringing songs,
  In fresh young motion clad,
Where all indwelling lives and loves
  Eternally are glad.

THE VENETIAN DOGES.

Beneath deep-chiseled marble,
  They lie in long repose,
Unbidden by the trumpet,
  Untroubled by old foes.

No blue and crimson pageants
  Shall glitter with their gold,
Nor galleys come to harbor,
  With silken sails unrolled.

In velvet and in jewels
  They float no more at ease
Along those smooth green channels,
  That lead to eastern seas.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, 1896.

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FROM THE UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

RECOGNITION.

"Unfading Hope's immortal power."

How will you know me in another sphere,
  When reft of earthly form we two may meet,
  And memory wooing back some vision sweet
Of other life and hours that once were dear,
Endeavoring in vain to bring more near
  Joys as elusive now as they were fleet,
  Find in that realm beyond earth's chill or heat
All unrenewed the magic lent her here?

Perchance in that illuminated hour,
  Though naught returned to dust from dust revives,
And earthly loves fail resurrection power,
  The soul of our sweet intercourse survives
To find in radiant common ecstacy
Our hopes have put on immortality.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

PEACE.

Among the mystic shadows of the rocks,
  Up winding mountain paths, where mosses green
Carpet the way, where the sweet quiet mocks
  Our vague unrest, and thoughts of things unseen
Press close upon us; by the clear, cool streams,
  Which laugh and murmur, yet refuse to tell
The secret we would know; in caves where dreams
  Fill the still darkness, and wild fancies dwell;
In nooks and crannies where the green ferns droop;
  'Neath waterfalls, whose clear drops flash and gleam;
By the still pool, where water willows stoop
  To seek their image in the resting stream,—
We search, with weary thoughts which will not cease;
  Search, but find not calm-giving Peace.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, 1893.

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VINCIT AMOR OMNIA?

A flower in the wide fields grew,
Deep-eyed, yes, and deep-hearted, too.
In twilight gently touched with dew
A flower in the wide fields grew.

A dark-winged swallow o'er it flew,
And sailed high up to heaven's blue.
Long yearned the flower the same to do;
—The flower in the wide fields grew.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, 1896.

SLEEP.

Sleep, I bid thee come
And chase the shades
Of day far from my eyes!
That I may sleep
And wake again
In glad surprise
At this world's fairness
And at her loveliness.
I do not bid thee
Take me in thy arms,
And keep me there fore'er.
But hold me close
For one short hour,
That I may rise
Again, and do the work
That wisdom bids me do.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS, 1899.

A MOTHER SONG.

Babe, when thou cling'st to me
With thy wee hand,
God and his mystery
I understand.

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All that was far from me
  Thou hast brought near;
All that was dark to me
  Thou hast made clear.

Darling, I shelter thee
  Close to my breast,
Thou who hast given me
  Rapture and rest.

1897.

I SAW PAULINE.

I saw Pauline but yesterday,
Buying a posy over the way,
  And, watching from my attic height,
  Methought the dingy shop grew bright,—
She brought the sunshine of the May.

She took her posies, lack-a-day!
And left our street a duller gray;
  But in a dream I had last night
    I saw Pauline.

I dreamed that after some delay,
I penned a simple roundelay
  To sweet Pauline. Unhappy wight!
  She scorned my verses, well she might.
And now, in sooth, I'm loath to say
    I saw Pauline!

R. C., 1897.

IN SEVILLE.

'Twas 'neath the old Cordova wall,
  Josefa, in the long ago,
And the acacia trees were all
  Pale-gilded in the sunset glow,
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

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'Twas in the ruined Alcazar,
  Our music some dead fountain's tears,—
Some plaintive, softly sighing bar
  Come back to us across the years,—
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

'Twas on the Guadalquiver shore,
  Josefa, and the moon was white;
The orange blossoms seemed to pour
  Their sweetness out into the night,
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

Ah, my Josefa, golden hued
  Were days we lived in fair Seville;
And now, tho' years have youth subdued,
  I have one wish, I have one will,—
Once more to take you by the hand,
Again to dance the saraband.

L. M., 1898.

SONNETS.

I. Dante's Love.

O lover, subtle-souled, who scarce didst dare
  To encounter thy most gentle lady's glance,
  But, faint with rapture, at the bridal dance
Where thou didst meet her sweet eyes unaware,
Straight to thy lonely chamber didst repair
  To muse on love and thy love's excellence,
  And there pour out, with love's extravagance,
Thy tender sonnets to her gold-bright hair.

Awakening from thy dream of flame-clad love
  And feeling the dull dawnings of despair,
The fullness of love's anguish, sad above
  All other earth-sad things thou knewest there,—
But never reached love's dazing heights of bliss
Where Lancelot trembled in his queen's warm kiss.

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II. Hebe.

In days when Zeus and Hera held the skies,
  Bright Hebe brimmed the bowls for them to quaff;
  The gladsomeness of youth was in her laugh,
Life's glory unfulfilled was in her eyes.
Ne'er knew she, deathless girl, that beauty dies,
  That of life and love despair is more than half,
  That age limps through the world on knotted staff
And utters impotent and bitter cries.

We children of the weary Earth's old age,
  Play sadder parts in our brief pantomime;
For, having Hebe's role as heritage,
  To the only stable god, old regal Time,
The chalice of our bodies' rare design
We hold—where youth's red life-blood is the wine.

Lucy van N. Morris, 1900.

GOOD-BYE.

She blew the dust of the holiday
From Goethe and Milton, Kant and Gray,
And thought how the weeks had stol'n away
  Her summer.

She leaned on her oar in a quiet place,
With the slanting sunlight on her face,
And watched the day as it dimmed apace,
  The last of summer.

She donned her senior cap and gown,
And thought of a blue frock folded down
With one rose,—slowly turning brown
  Since summer.

O for the days by the green, glad sea,
The nights of music and mystery,
The roses and—all that used to be
  With summer!

Anonymous.

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THE CROW.

Caw! caw! Blackwing high overhead,
  Skimming the blue with wary flight,
    Now and again from your path in the skies
    Dropping a harsh note plummet-wise!
  Harsh? Well, you find in it your delight,
And why should you wish to please me instead?

Rough and jarring although it be,
  You would not part with your uncouth note
    The wide, bright world of sweetness to gain
    Which lies in the hermit-thrush's strain;
  The discords which drop from your leathern throat
Are dearer to you than all harmony.

Yet your own self-trust may fail some day—
  When a strange disquiet your breast shall fill—
    When you find what your "Caw" cannot express;
    And the pang of an utter powerlessness
  May hold you with pitiless grasp, until
In a hapless silence you wing your way.

B. W. M., 1902.

EXCEPT.

Except the robin lifeless lie,
  A victim in the eagle's claw,
The mountain-king himself must die,
  For this is nature's law.

Except the soldier meet his death
  Upon the bloody battle-plain,
His Country dies; his ebbing breath
  Bids his land live again.

Except a corn of wheat shall fall
  Into the ground, and waste, and die.
It is alone; dying, it brings
  Fruit to Eternity.

M. B. J., 1903.

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A SONG OF BATTLE.

Sing me a song of battle,
  A glory-song of war—
A song of the man in the thick of the fray,
Who needs must battle his stumbling way
Through the wild, dark night, through the bloody day,
  Where the foe and the fighting are.

Sing me the joy of battle,
  A song of victory-death—
A song of the man of the steadfast eye,
Who has come to the end with sword still high,
The man who has battled his right to die,
  Who has won to his final breath.

Sing me the peace of battle,
  A song of battle-cease—
A song of the man whose work is done,
Who lies in a rest right royally won,
Where the wind blows calm, where God's good sun
  Smiles on the battle-peace.

MARY B. JENKINS, 1903.

JUNE.

O joyous June! of rustling trees,
Of inter-wreathed harmonies,
  Soft-trembling through the blue;
'Twas yesterday I saw thee pass
Across the million-flowered grass,
And all thy fair young joys were mine,
  And thy old songs were true,
    O joyous-hearted June!

O mystic June! of dim farewells,
Of sweet prophetic marriage bells,
  Of early fading flowers;
Thy butterflies, on fragile wings,
Die in their golden flutterings,
And I have seen thy glories pass,
  Have known thy poignant hours,
    O mystery-breathing June!

MARY JESSIE GIDLEY, 1906.

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MY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts fly forth in the dawn of the day
Like birds, from your heart where they rest;
Singing as they soar away,
My thoughts fly forth in the dawn of the day,
But at eve, wing weary, they beat their way
Homeward again to their fluttering nest;
My thoughts fly back at the close of the day
Like birds, to your heart for rest.

E. P. W., 1905.

O LUSH IS THE GREEN.

O lush is the green
When the wind blows keen
In rollicking April weather,
'Cross the primrose dales,
Tossed about by the gales,
Our feet fly light as a feather.
With a Heigh and a Ho
Wherever we go
Our hearts are carefree forever.

O ye who are wise
Breathe Life from the skies,
For Youth cannot last forever.
Old Sol peeps out
And the children shout
At the birds skimming over the heather.
With a Heigh and a Ho
Wherever we go
Our hearts are carefree forever.

M. A. Murphy, 1907.

THE EXILE.

(A Monody.)

Though I have wandered wearily
Through all the world, I cannot flee
The vision voices calling me
To Arcady, to Arcady!

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I hear again, in memory,
The dune wind's haunting melody
That sweeps its strains across the sea
Of Arcady, of Arcady!

I feel the deep serenity
Of blue skies lying broodingly
Upon the meadow verdancy
Of Arcady, of Arcady!

I breathe the far-borne fragrancy
Of dark pines swaying dreamily
Above the shadowed hills that we
Called Arcady, our Arcady!

Before barred gates, in misery,
I can but listen longingly,
For you are gone who held the key
To Arcady, my Arcady!

F. S., 1908.

THE SONG OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

Much argument is heard of late,
The subject I'll attempt to state,
A question for dispute, I fear,
That will hang on for many a year.
The student-folk of Paris town
(I speak of those in cap and gown,
Students of art, philosophy,
In short, "the University,"
And not our old-time learned men)
Have stirred up trouble here again.
Nothing they'll gain, it seems to me,
Except more bitter enmity,
Till there is no peace, day or night.
Does such a state of things seem right?

To give his son a chance to stay
In Paris, growing wise each day,
Is some old peasant's one ambition.
To pay his bills and his tuition
The poor hard-working father slaves;
Sends him each farthing that he saves,
While he in misery will stay
On his scant lot of land to pray
That his hard toil may help to raise
His son to honor and to praise.

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But once the son is safe in town
The story then reads upside down.
Forgetting all his pledges now,
The earnings of his father's plow
He spends for weapons, not for books.
Dawdling through city streets, he looks
To find some pretty, loitering wench,
Or idle brawl by tavern bench;
Wanders at will and pries about,
Till money fails and gown wears out.—
Then he starts fresh on the old round;
Why sow good seed on barren ground?
Even in Lent when men should do
Something pleasing in God's view,
Your students then elect to wear
For penitence, no shirts of hair,
But swaggering hauberks, as they sit
Drowning in drink their feeble wit;
While three or four of them excite
Four hundred students to a fight,
And close the University.
(Not such a great calamity!)

Yet, heavens, for one of serious mind
What life more pleasing can you find
Than earnest scholar's life may be?
More pains than precious gems has he,
And while he's struggling to grow wise,
Amusements he must sacrifice,—
Give up his feasting and his drinking,
And spend his time in sober thinking.
His life is just about as merry
As is a monk's in a monastery.
Why send a boy away to school
There to become an arrant fool?
When he should be acquiring sense,
He wastes his time and all his pence,
And to his friends brings only shame,
While they suppose him winning fame.

MARION E. MARKLEY, 1909.

"The Song of the University of Paris" was translated from an old French satire, by Marion E. Markley, 1909, and is included in "Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature," edited by Martha Hale Shackford, and published by Ginn & Company, 1913. It is reprinted by the kind permission of Miss Shackford and of the publishers.—ED.

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TREASURE SHIPS.

Freighted as richly as those argosies
  That crossed the seas of old,
The autumn leaves sail out across the lake,
  Their cargoes, minted gold.

They are the treasure ships the trees send out;
  They bear the shining hoard
That fills the tribute-coffers of the sun,
  Their mighty over-lord.

ISADORE DOUGLAS, 1910.

THE ENCHANTED.

(Suggested by a birch-tree bending before a cedar.)

The latest flower is gone,
And snows come on.
I bow myself to thee eternally;
Low are my silver-sandalled feet for thee,
And low my head, brought very low for thee.
Druid, before thy cairn sank into mould
Of oaken forest, where the shadows hold
Echoing echoes, magically old,
Long ages since, another land than this
Saw the bright sin, grown spectre-like, I wis.
Our souls are losing litanies of bliss
In mystic expiation of that kiss,—
And all things which have ever been, would seem
As phantasies, afloat upon a stream
Where autumn rains fall dimly, through a dream.
I bow myself, oh, waning moons of years!
Nor ever does he stir, nor ever hears
The far-removed music of my tears.

VIOLA C. WHITE, 1911.

A PICTURE.

And once, long after, I beheld him stand
A tower of weakness—leaning toward his fall,
His head upflung in scorn, yet in his eyes
The stricken gaze of one—confessing all—
Who looks upon his death, yet unrepentant dies.

LORRAINE MILLIKEN, 1911.

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THE SONG MAKER.

I make the sweetest little songs
  When none are by to hear.
I could not make them sing themselves,
  If anyone were near.

They come from somewhere near my heart,
  I cannot tell just where,
I only part my lips and they
  Slip out into the air.

I always think about the next
  Before the first is done.
And every little tune I make
  Says, "Try another one."

And so, I sing and sing and sing
  When none are by to hear.
My songs would never, never come
  If anyone were near.

ELIZABETH HART, 1912.

THE LOVER TO HIS LUTE.

I would make a song for my Beloved,
A very simple little song,
That she may sing it when the way is long.
It must be merry, then, to cheer her,
And yet a little sad,
A little filled with yearning to be near her,
That she may know how grave a thing my
  love is, and be glad.

ELIZABETH R. HIRSH, 1914.

STREET LAMPS.

I lie in bed and watch the lights
  That glimmer through the rain,
And listen to the drops that slip
  Against my window pane.

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The street lamps glimmer through the rain
  Set straightly in a row,
And mark the long, long, winding street
  Where people come and go.

They mark the long, long street that goes
  Its winding way to town,
And all night long I am aware
  That men go up and down.

Some pass on foot; I hear them laugh;
  A cart goes rattling by.
A horse's hoofs beat loud and sharp,
  And swiftly pass and die.

I wonder why they come and go,
  And who they all may be,
And if sometime the lamps will mark
  The wand'ring road for me.

June, 1913. EDITH FOLEY, 1915.

THE DEAD DANCER.

How she could dance!
The mad little feet and the slim little hands seemed bewitched.
From her tinsel-bound hair to her impudent shoes,
A-quiver with life and aglow with its fire,
She was daring and pert and—lovable, too.

Silent the mocking voice,
And hushed the peals of elfin laughter.
Those wilful locks are smooth for once,
And she who loved the gayest tints
Lies swathed in linen sheer and white.

How white the lips that were so red!
That lithe, small body seems too still.
She that was all unconscious grace,
Lies straight and stiff with crossed hands.
Orchids and roses she loved the best.
Why heap these lilies round her now?

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She would not even wear a ring
Because she swore it fettered her,
And now they'd close her prison in.

Snatch back the coffin lid!
Wrap her in Oriental silk,
And twist her hair with threads of gold!
Rouge her cheeks and stain her lips!
With that shadowy smile, amid dusky flowers,
Let her mock at death as she has mocked at life!

March, 1913. RUTH R. COLEMAN, 1915.

JADE OF CATHAY.

I looked for gleaming jades; a moonlit treasure
Of bowl and vase, shaped with an artist's seizure
Of parabolic line, sparingly dite
With fretted lacery, in which the light
Ambulant comes and goes; the comeliness
Of polished surface, and the loveliness
Of various hues; the color of the sheen
On peppers; green like the young green
Of unripe fruit; the piercing emerald note
That lies upon the parrot's splendid throat.
All these I found.
But far beyond my fancies' trodden ground,
Beauty before unseen, vases and bowls,
Translucent, milky, opalescent bowls,
Crystalled beneath their gleaming, vanishing faces,
Which witching hands have pierced to fragile laces.
And through the lace, the fugitive sunbeams glide,
Freeing brief rainbows, delicately pied
And fleeting jewels in the lacteal deeps;
Waiting for light as nymphs that some enchantment keeps.

DOROTHY LOUD, 1916.

MOTHS.

I caught a cloud of silver moths one time
  Within a cage. I thought that I might keep
    Them there a little space
    And weave their floating grace
Into the airy measures of a rhyme
  That winds might use to lull a bud to sleep.

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But they would not be caged; they beat their wings
Against the bars,—the tender, fragile things—
And ere my frightened hands could set them free
The sheen was dusted off, the song was lost for me.

KATHERINE C. BALDERSTON, 1916.

HARMONY.

Something there is, deep in my heart, that knows.
These questionings and doubts and mist grey fears,
That cling to me and in cold darkness close
Upon my mind through dim, bewildered years.
They are as moving shadow forms that pass
In ghostly silence, ominous, to and fro—
Weird, threatening shapes outside the window glass,
That make my heart beat high, although I know
They are but shadows of the wind-tossed trees;
For, in the quiet depths of my own soul,
The answer to my young perplexities
Is found in calm, sure knowledge that is whole.

Now all is dim, but in that radiant hour
When soul and senses quickened and made one
Feel the melodious surge and rushing power
Of that eternal harmony, begun
Before creation was; then shall I hear
All the loved earth tones, strong and purified,
No longer faint and broken notes, but clear,
Ringing, triumphant pæans glorified.
Earth tones—the monotone of rain,
The throbbing quiet of a summer night,
The peace that soothes and strengthens after pain,
The rose gold music of the sunset light,
Bird songs and flower fragrances, the grace
Of supple forest trees that sway and bend
Before the wind; warm light upon my face,
And the strong, tender handclasp of a friend—
These shall I feel in that great harmony;
And as I wait, breathless, to catch each tone,
Loved and remembered, Truth shall flash on me,
And I shall know that I have always known.

HELEN F. MCMILLIN, 1917.

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LITTLE BROTHER.

To-night I took my brother up to bed;
  My little baby brother, only four.
I told him fairy-tales, and rhymes, and read;

I let him turn three somersaults or more;
  I didn't even want my Ivanhoe,
Left by the fire, down where I'd been before.

I watched him play, and something hurt me so,
  I almost cried, 'cause when he's ten like me,
He'll just forget all Mother's ways, not know

She loved him once before she died; not see
  The way she looked a-rocking him at night;
Forget how home, with Mother here, would be.

When thunder wakes him, I must hush his fright,
  And shut the windows in the dark, and say,
(All scared and shiv'ry), "it's a glorious sight,"

As Mother did to me; the wind would play
  A-rattling with the curtain and the rain,
And long as lightning lasted, she would stay.

He'll never know the fun of home again,
  When school is out; cookies and gingerbread,
And all the wide and sunny yard to play in.

To-night I took my brother up to bed;
  My little baby brother, only four.
I told him fairy-tales, and rhymes, and read.

HELEN SANTMYER, 1918.

LATE SPRING.

I have not seen the Spring this year
  Run like a flame along the hill:
Only the winds move, slow as fear;
  The small, bright birds are still.

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Perhaps the Spring has loosed her hand,
  Let fall Mayflowers and jonquils after,—
    Scorning to fling her buds among
    Such as have not a song,
    Scorning to give, as other years,
    Her daffodils for tears,
And bitterly in that gray land
  Weeps her lost laughter.

Perhaps—a sword in her white side
  And withered violets on her head—
For all the lovers who have died
  Young Spring lies dead.

SALLY CALKINS WOOD, 1918

"ROSIE."

There are lives that march to the beat of the drum
    And the urging note of the fife;
There are lives that lilt like a busy brook,
    Or the song of a peasant-wife;
But dull as the dirge of the swift mill wheels
    Is many a dream-robbed life.

There are mills of the gods and mills of men,
    Where burning fog-clouds steam;
There are mills where the nerves of girls are torn
    And sweating workers teem;
And always the clanging turn of wheels
    Is death to a singing dream.

. . . . . .

I knew a girl named Rosie in a smutty, milly town,
Her red-black skirt was rusted,
Her old shoe-lace was busted,
The heels were both run over and her petticoat hung down.

Her eyes had lost all sweetness and her laughter rang out shrill;
Her painted cheeks looked jaded,
Her rose-decked hat was faded,
And she'd slapped the man who winked at her on the corner by the mill.

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All day she'd work and chew her gum where mill-wheels grind out slow;
At night she'd fix her messy hair
And take the ten cents she could spare
And call out, "Ma, I guess I'll drop down to the movie show."

The movie mill turned out for her some laughs and tingling thrills.
She rode a broncho in the West,
And watched how Mary Pickford dressed,
And wondered with her mouth a-jar at the millionaire girls' bills.

She forgot to eat her pop-corn and with eyes and mouth she'd stare.
She didn't see the battered door,
She didn't see the dingy floor,
She saw the hero's shoulders and the gloss upon his hair.

She gave a giggly shriek or laugh to all the funny guys,
But the others sort of got her,
She didn't cry or sputter,
But you'd know the dream was on her by the look in Rosie's eyes.

Yes, there are mills of the gods, and mills of men
Where the burning fog-clouds steam.
There are mills where the nerves of girls are torn,
And sweating workers teem;
But always the clanging turn of wheels
Is death to a singing dream.

HELEN B. MITCHELL, 1918.

PICTURE PUZZLES.

The firelight flickered on the hearth,
As long at picture puzzles we intently played.
Hovering breathless o'er each piece we made,
Slow from the multi-colored bits,
Unmeaning to our dim, confused sight,
A thing of beauty, orderly and right.
And as we looked, we laughed that we
Had been so blind, so slow to see
The meaning, when we first began,
Of those chaotic pieces of the plan.

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And so, perhaps, when we have gone from here,
In the clear firelight of the Eternal One,
We'll play at the great puzzle; and what fun
'Twill be, as to our wondering eyes,
The universe shall lose its mysteries.
Black bit of sorrow, war's red flash
Shall find its place as but a dash
To strengthen or subdue the eternal plan.
The sunset and the rose, the mind of man
And grief and pain and love shall be
But pieces of that wondrous tapestry.
And looking at the picture, we shall smile
At doubts and fears that puzzled us awhile.

ELLEN MONTGOMERY, 1918.

STUDIES IN COLOR.

1. BLUE PRINTS.

Blue the sky in the sunny weather,
Blue the sea where we'd sailed together;
He took my hands,—how his eyes shone blue!
Then he blew the whistle and off I flew!
  But bluest was I in the lonely train
  As I pullmanned back to the grind again.

2. PARIS GREEN.

Green were the shoes a-twinkle neatly,
And the petticoat that peeped discreetly;
Green the suit and the jaunty bonnet,—
All with a Paris label on it.
  (Yet greener my eyes as I watched her pass
  For my rig came from Boston, Mass!)

MARGUERITE ATTERBURY, 1918.

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AN EGYPTIAN GRAVE.

Somewhere in Egypt, there is an ancient tomb,
A tomb where one was laid to rest
Two thousand years before the Romans came.
It is as old, old as the Pyramids,
Yet not so old as war.
One night, between the shells, we dug a secret grave,
Trenching the shifting sand—
The land was silver-clad below the moon.
For Michael Calligan, the Irish lad,
We dug that grave, the Englishman and I.
We dug it deeper than the shell could tear;
Deep, where the screaming would not break his rest;
Deep, where there was no blood.
Down in the hollow dark, we struck a vault.
We entered softly in,
Carrying Michael, wrapped in gunny-sack;
Our torches glittered in the gloom.
There lay the mummied body of a king,
All wrapped in cloth of gold and thick with gems,
Upon a couch of ivory.
And there was room for Michael, so we laid him there,
Stiff in his makeshift shroud,
Beside that kingly, still magnificence.
Then we went out, and covered up the door
And smoothed the sand.
I wonder what they think, those two,
Lying together in that ancient grave
Somewhere in Egypt.

MARGARET COOMBS, 1919.

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NON OMNIS MORIAR.

I shall not wholly perish from the earth
When I am gone, but you will find again
A part of me in sun and wind and rain,
And I shall have a glorious rebirth
In some small flower, where the magic mirth
Of bird-song rings around me. All the stain
Of mortal being,—body, feeling, brain,
Will pass,—and you will know their little worth.
Perhaps the dreams that lingering cling to me
May tint a moth's wing; and my high desire
Be raised aloft where all the world can see,
In some frail lily, burnt with hidden fire.
Death cannot conquer! Sometime you will see
This life reborn to immortality!

BERNICE L. KENYON, 1920.

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America's Premier Art Product

One instinctively associates with such early factors in our history as Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, the name

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